THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LVI. | BENNETT & FITCH, No. 726 Sansom St. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1876. | $2 00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. | No. 16

HESTER'S RICHES.

BY OLIVE BELL.

She was very poor, the neighbors said,
But with hands both swift and willing
To garnish the web of an humble life,
With a bright and golden filling.

For from early morn till the dewy fall
Of eve, when the nightingale's song
Is heard in the lanes, her cheerful voice
Floats up from some toiling throng.

For she never wearies of honest toil,
For bread is the staff of life;
And brave and steadfast she labors and waits,
Unscathed by arrows of covetous strife.

The garrulous murmers of yielding spirits
Never ruffle her spirit's placid flow;
For the mists that envelop her thorny path,
Often lift at some vivid inward glow.

The walls of her cabin, so dingy and rough,
Are gay with creepers, deftly trained,
To cover the gables, so quaint and low,
And shelter the casements, weather-stained.

And her neighbors whisper, with many a sigh,
Hester's cabin is bright with flowers
While birds that shun their own rude homes,
Flutter in and out her wild rose-bowers.

So it happens that poor Hester's wealth
Is born of an humble heart's content;
The supernal bloom that brightens her world,
With the glow of unselfish love, is blent.

THE LILY OF ST. ERNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER'S SECRET," "HELENA LYLE," ETC.

(This story was commenced in No. 8, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SQUIRE IN A RAGE.

Daniel Calynack was half inclined to be angry when Max broached his wishes.

"'Tain't no use talking, my son; I can't and I won't ha' no more to do with 'ee. Esther have led me such a life about that last bit o' paper o' thine, that I ha' promised on the book, never to gi' the poor child another. It went against me, it did, but I was forced to own that she knowed best; and when I'd done that, why, I had to gi' in. Trust a woman for allays getting the best of 'ee in a tonguing match."

Finding it useless to argue or entreat, all he said only eliciting that same reply, "I ha' gi'en Esther my word," Max at length desisted, and held out his hand.

"Fare ye well, Dan; I don't know but what I like you better for your obstinacy, although I think you were in error when you made a promise that keeps Letty and I apart. If difficulties or dangers menace my dear little girl, why should I not help her to conquer or escape them?"

"Dear heart, lad, do 'ee think a strong arm and a willing mind will do everything? Because I can tell 'ee that, in that case, the poor child needn't a looked further than Dannie Calynack."

Weary of expostulating, or trying to penetrate the mystery that shrouded Letty's affairs, Max made a brief response, and walked away; but the old fisherman, whose heart always warmed towards the frank-faced young fellow he had nursed back to health and strength, followed him down the little garden.

"Ha' ye ever noticed this bit o' sea-gull weed, Mr. Haveryng, that I stuck in against the gate?"

"Not I," was the careless answer.

"Ha'nt ye, now? Letty loves it, because she says it's such an innocent little flower."

Max stopped now, and gathered a handful of the bright little blossoms.

"I ha' pulled it up once or twicet, because it gets in the way of my yarbs;" Dan went on; "but it comes peeping out o' the ground again, as if it were determined to stay. 'Tis just like the women, lad. If they ha' taken a liking to ye, friends may scold and say what they will; but 'tis o' no use. They'll find a way o' meeting ye, sooner or later."

Max felt his hopes rise when he heard this hint. Letty, then, would contrive to see him, though how or when, Dan evidently did not mean to tell; for as soon as his unusually long speech was made, he turned his back on his visitor, and went into his cottage.

As Max climbed the cliffs, on his way back to the Abbey, he made one resolve, which, under any circumstances, he intended to carry out; and that was, to extort from Letty, the next time he saw her, the fullest particulars concerning herself. If she loved him, she must and should confide in him, and let him judge for himself how far she had reason to dread Mr. Penruan.

"I am not the cleverest of fellows," he modestly admitted; "but surely my advice, or that which I could procure, ought to be of as much, if not of more, service than any she receives from Dan Calynack, and the distrustful, prejudiced woman whom she calls her aunt."

Thinking thus, and dwelling on the delight of protecting and counselling his Letty, he entered the house, and was proceeding upstairs to wash his hand and brush his hair, before luncheon, when he saw that two or three of the servants were standing, with scared faces, near the door of the room where that meal was usually served. One of them, the young girl who waited on Eleanor Haydon, sprang towards him with clasped hands and streaming eyes, exclaiming, "I am glad you have come! Oh, Mr. Haveryng, my dear young mistress!" The excited girl could say no more.

Unable to gather more from Eleanor's sobbing attendant than that something dreadful had befallen her young mistress, or was now menacing her, Max dashed past her into the room to which she pointed. As he opened the door, the sound of voices, raised in altercation, reached his ear, and he might have drawn back, feeling that he had no right to intrude himself upon a family quarrel, if Mrs. Penruan had not not caught a glimpse of him, and extended her arms imploringly.

As he advanced towards the easy chair in which, for once, she sat actually upright and forgetful of self, he saw that extreme terror had deprived her of the power of articulating. Her dilated eyes were fixed on her husband and Eleanor, who were standing on either side of the table, on which the luncheon tray had been placed, and it was evident that those hysterical screams and moans she was in the habit of uttering on the most trifling occasion, were now checked by the fact that there was no one to listen to them. She was too frightened to remember her own fancied ailments, or to intrude them upon others; and when Max had taken her rembling hand in his, and given it a reassuring clasp, he moved toward the other persons in the room, to ascertain what was the cause of the perturbation.

A SCENE OF VIOLENCE.

Eleanor—her head thrown back, her nostrils quivering, her eyes positively gleaming with the fiery light of indignation—was confronting her step-father, with defiance in her face and attitude, and the Squire, his lip bitten till it bled, his hands twitching and clenching as if he longed to seize the culprit and inflict summary punishment, was thundering out accusations which she heard with scornful denials of their truth. Both were too angry to notice the entrance of Max, who, seeing that he could do no good, begged Mrs. Penruan to let him take her away; but she did not seem to hear him, although her convulsive grasp on his arm tightened as if she derived some support of comfort from his presence.

"You lie!" hissed the Squire, in answer to something Eleanor had asserted. "There is no truth in you; but don't think to blind me by your daring falsehoods! Bah! you have boasted too often of your uprightness and honesty."

"Never to you, sir, who do not know the meaning of the words!" she retorted.

"*Honest*, are you, to shield a thief?" snarled Mr. Penruan. "Upright to confirm the false tale that ran so glibly off her tongue!"

"Jessy is no thief, and I should hate myself if I could stand by and hear an innocent person wrongfully accused!" said Eleanor. "As to confirming her tale, I should like to know how I could do less when I was certain that she was speaking the simple truth?"

"It was not the truth, and you are as false as she to tell me so!" Mr. Penruan exclaimed, in tones that would have cowered a weaker spirit, but were heard by his step-daughter with no other sensation than disgust at his coarse violence.

He repeated his assertion before she deigned him a reply.

"Think the girl dishonest, and me her accomplice if you choose!" she said contemptuously. "Your opinion will never have any weight with those who know us."

"But it shall have weight" he furiously retorted with an oath. "You defy me do you?" As surely as I stand here, I'll make both of you repent it! I will! I will!"

"Indeed, sir, and what will you do with us?" asked Eleanor, with provoking coolness. "Send for a policeman, I suppose, and give us in charge for stealing—what? Would it not be as well to have the spoons counted and our drawers examined? "What a paragraph it will make for the *Cornish Mercury!* Will it be headed 'Squire Penruan's Last Freak?'"

He raised his hand and shook it at her.

"Take care—take care!" he threateningly exclaimed. "That girl shall not escape if you do. You may sneer and taunt, and set me at defiance Miss Eleanor Haydon; but I'll make her pay for all the insults you level at me. It's high time that you learned I am not to be offended with impunity!"

"Shame upon you for the mean spirit that dictates your threats," she answered indignantly. "Must my offences be visited on the head of one whose only fault is that she loves and serves me faithfully? I repeat that Jessy is innocent, and that you shall not injure her!"

"*Shall not!* Must I ask your leave as to what I do, my insolent madam? I say, and I'll maintain it, that your soft-spoken, deceitful maid was in my study this morning at daybreak, and I'll know what for. I could not sleep, and, therefore, went down-stairs in my dressing-gown and slippers to answer some letters, and this was how I detected her."

"At daybreak the girl was slumbering soundly in her own bed in the dressing-closet adjoining my room," asseverated Eleanor; "for I, too, was wakeful, and rising to get a book, saw her there."

"And made up the tale which you tell so readily," sneered the Squire. "You are very clever, Miss Haydon—remarkably clever! Your ingenuity at concocting a deliberate falsehood is something marvellous!"

"In other words, you consider me an apt pupil of your own? I shall not accept the compliment, for I have done nothing to merit it. I am dealing fairly with you, sir."

"You're not!" he roared. "You know you're not! You are heaping untruth upon untruth, to shield the girl, but 'tis of no use. I saw her too plainly."

"You did not see Jessy Embury at daybreak?" said Eleanor, in her most decided manner.

"I tell you that I did! How dare you contradict me so perversely? As I went towards my study door, I perceived that it was ajar, although I had myself turned the key in it on the previous night. Ay, and my second look gave me a glimpse of the female figure within."

"It was not Jessy Embury!" his step-daughter repeated.

"You have told her to say that it was not; but she knows well enough that as I rushed forward to seize and question her, it was she who fled by the window that opens on the terrace. Was I asleep, think you, or dreaming? Is there any other servant in the house so young and nimble as your artful, demure-looking, deceitful maid?"

"It was not Jessy whom you attempted to seize!" said Eleanor again, so firmly that he stamped his foot at her in a fury.

"Hold your tongue. Do you think I shall believe your assertions, while the evidence of my own eyes flatly contradicts them? It was she; I'll swear it h—"

"Pray stop sir! We'll dispense with your oaths" Eleanor interposed. "They would be wasted on me, for I am as positive as ever that your eyes deceived you. But let us for argument's sake, admit that you did see some one in your study, is it a crime to enter it? Have you lost anything in consequence of this visit of Jessy's double to your sanctum? No; I thought not."

She smiled so scornfully that the Squire raved at her.

"You thought not—*you!* Why you know that your accomplice was detected before she could effect her purpose."

"And dare you," demanded the young lady in tones as passionate as his own—"dare you accuse me of plotting a robbery, and sending some one to your study for the purpose of abstracting your cash box? Because I am—unfortunately for me—your ward, must I submit to such a monstrous imputation as this?"

"Bah! You act well, very well; but it has no effect!" sneered her step-father. "We both of us know that it was not money the girl was sent to take, but papers. She was kneeling down examining the Indian cabinet, when I pounced upon her. Crafty wretch!" and he sawed the air with his arms in his exasperation. "She would have opened it with false keys, abstracted its contents, carried them to her employer, and that employer was you—you who are always seeking to do me a mischief."

"Then there are papers in the cabinet in your study which you are afraid I should see!" exclaimed the undaunted Eleanor, seizing on the admission he had unwittingly made. "You hide something there, Mr. Penruan, that you dare not produce!"

He grew very pale, and for a moment gasped for breath.

"Who says so—who says so? Take care!" he repeated. "If you provoke me much more, it will be the worse for you. As for the dishonest wretch in your pay, I'll turn her out of the house with my own hands!"

"She is my servant, and you shall not touch her!" answered Eleanor. "It is your turn to take care that you do not provoke me too far, Mr. Penruan. I have borne much for my mother's sake; but if you lay finger on the young girl whose innocence I most solemnly attest, I will keep your secrets no longer!"

"Do you threaten me?" he exclaimed, foaming with passion. "You are my ward; you are in my power; I may take steps that will rob your malice of its sting!"

"I am very well aware that you will not hesitate at anything; but, nevertheless, I do not fear you!" she said boldly. "I am no child to shrink from your anger, and be treated just as you please!"

He clenched his hands so viciously that Max began to grow uneasy for Eleanor's safety and disengaged himself from Mrs. Penruan's clinging grasp. While he was doing so, and whispering a soothing assurance that he was going to try and take her daughter away, the Squire said something, to which his stepdaughter answered with stinging sarcasm.

"You will strike me did you say? I do not dout that you are quite ready to do so. Shall I fetch you your favorite weapon—the heavy-handled whip that you can bring down so mercilessly on the head of the helpless——"

Before she could say more, the climax that the watchful Max had been dreading occurred. Infuriated by her taunting speech, the Squire, whose passion had been rapidly rising to boiling point, aimed a blow at her; but the table was between them, and she escaped it. The next moment, however, he had snatched up a glass carafe that stood on the luncheon tray, and hurled it at her with such deadly vengence, that had it struck her, she could scarcely have survived the blow.

The aim was well taken, and it was to Max that she owed her escape. He had seen a look in the lurid eyes of the Squire that warned him to hurry to her side. Flinging his arms about her, he snatched her away just as the heavy carafe whizzed past them, laying bare his own temple ere it was dashed in fragments against the wall.

A shriek from the hall, where most of the servants had gathered, followed the sound of the breaking glass, and Mrs. Penruan slid helplessly from her chair to the floor.

"Your mother is fainting," said Max, holding his handkerchief to his forehead, and directing Eleanor's attention to the prostrate figure. "For her sake, end this sad scene. What is the use of arguing with or provoking a madman?"

"Would you have me endure his injustice without protesting against it?" she passionately demanded. "Must I bear myself accused of urging an innocent girl to play the thief and the spy, and not deny such foul charges? Was there aught in my words to sting him to such fury, if his own guilty conscience had not barbed them?"

"Your mother—see! she is really ill!" urged Max, instead of replying.

Eleanor made a step toward the insensible lady, but drew back on seeing that the Squire had already perceived her condition, and was hurrying to her assistance."

"Mr. Penruan has gone to her, and I am not wanted," she said bitterly. "He will resent his violence, now he finds that he has had such an effect upon her; and I dare say I shall have the gratification of hearing mamma declare that the fault was all mine—dear John has assured her of it—and she cannot doubt but that I have been greatly to blame! Do you think so too?"

"I think you ought to be cautious how you brave a man who does not hesitate to fling bottles of water at a defenceless woman," answered Max with a contemptuous glance at his kinsman, who was now assisting the scared servants to convey his wife to her chamber."

"And I do not wonder at your espousing the cause of your attendant, if you feel convinced of her innocence."

"I do!" said Eleanor, emphatically. "That there was some one in the study, I suppose we must believe. One of the housemaids, probably, who had risen early to do her work before the heat of the day; though how Mr. Penruan could mistake either of those middle-aged women for my nimble, slim, fair-haired maid, I cannot comprehend."

Max did not reply. He was grasping the back of a chair, and looking so unusually pale, that now, in spite of her own preoccupation, Eleanor noticed it.

"Has our *fracas* quite upset you, Mr. Haveryng? Alas! it is not the first, and I fear it will not be the last. Good heavens! You look quite ill! Did that unlucky carafe hit you?"

By a great effort, Max managed to drop himself into the chair, and Eleanor perceived that his temple was bleeding profusely. He had not himself been aware how much he was hurt, till a feeling of weakness and exhaustion began to creep over him. The terrified girl tried to staunch the stream with her own handkerchief, crying aloud, as she found her efforts ineffectual, for some one to fetch Morrison—Morrison would know what to do.

Max endeavored to reassure her, by declaring, with a smile, that it was nothing; merely wanted a little water or wine to arouse him. But even as he spoke, the blanched face of Eleanor grew indistinct; and by the time the person whom she called Morison arrived, he was only just conscious enough to know that two of the men were leading him to his own chamber, and that everything they said to him sounded as if it were uttered afar off, and must be repeated again and again before he could command his voice sufficiently to reply.

The grave, elderly woman who came at Eleanor's summons proved sufficiently skilful in surgery to staunch and bind the wound. Max recovered himself, when this was done, and swallowed the simple restorative she prescribed; but when, after advising him to lie still for a few hours, and placing his pillows comfortably, she was about to follow the other servants from the room, he caught hold of her dress, and prevented it.

"I know you!" he said. "You are the woman I followed to Trevor Wood—the Aunt of Esther or Letty Rayne!"

Mrs. Morison glanced anxiously around; but the servants who had been assisting her had retired, and they were alone. Gaining courage when she found that no one was there to hear her admissions, she quietly acknowledged that he was right.

"But you are an inmate of the Abbey! I heard some one call you Mrs. Morison, and that is the name of the faithful old servant Miss Haydon promised that I should see."

"Miss Haydon promised this, and to you!" the woman echoed, suspiciously. "May I know why?"

"That I might satisfy myself whether she was identical with the muffled female who roams the Abbey at midnight, and dogs the footsteps of Mr. Penruan when he walks in his sleep."

"Have you told the Squire what you saw, Mr. Haveryng?" she asked, with a troubled look.

"Not yet," was the significant reply. "I prefer to wait until I have heard, from your own lips, your reasons for such extraordinary conduct."

"Have you any right to demand them, sir?" she inquired, after a pause.

"Perhaps not. You do well in reminding me of this; but my duty, as Mr. Penruan's guest and relative, is plain enough. I ought to tell him of his fit of somnambulism, and how, instead of cautiously guiding him back to his own apartment, his wife's faithful and attached servant was endeavoring to influence the sleeper in a most unaccountable manner."

"Can you, then, swear that I am the person you saw, Mr. Haverying? If you are not very positive of this, would it not be wiser and kinder to continue silent? Mr. Penruan's suspicions once aroused, I should be driven from his house, whether I were guilty of any wrong-doing or not; and mark me, Mr. Haveryng—if I lose my situation here, I shall not be the only sufferer."

There was a degree of antagonism on the part of both, which made them eye each other keenly and distrustfully. Max disliked the woman, because he knew that she was doing her utmost to separate him from Letty; and Mrs. Morison had her own reasons for heartily wishing that the young man had never left California, or, at least, that he had kept away from this neighborhood.

"I have no wish to do you an injury," said Max, after musing awhile; "but, on the other hand, I will not be a party to any trickery. If you are not ashamed of what you have done, tell me your reasons for it."

"Why should I make you the judge of my conduct, sir?" she demanded boldly, yet respectfully.

"I have not asked you to do that; only to satisfy me that I am not acting dishonorably by my relative in keeping certain facts from his knowledge."

The woman knit her brows.

"You would have me tell you my secrets, that you may make your market of them—that you may carry them to Mr. Penruan, and play them into his hand. No, sir; I cannot bring myself to do that."

The angry Max raised himself on his elbow.

"I'll question you no more. You are, and always have been, cruelly unjust to me; but, thank Heaven, you can no longer induce Letty to be the same! She, at all events, trusts and believes in me."

"More's the pity," muttered Esther Morison, "that she should be so overseen as to trust a Penruan. I'll tell you one thing, young gentleman; you've wrought me too much trouble for me to think well of you. Letty was loving and docile, and ready to be guided by my counsels, till you came in her way; and no—but 'tis useless my standing here chattering. You may have it in your power to drive me away from the Abbey; but wherever I go, Letty goes too. I do not leave her where she may be at the mercy of Squire Penruan, or any one like him!"

"Are you justified in speaking of your employer in this tone?" Max demanded.

"He is no master of mine," retorted Mrs. Morison, angrily. "I was maid to Mrs. Haydon, and nurse to her two pretty children in their infancy; and if I fill a post of trust in this house, 'tis not to please the Squire, but myself."

"Two children! I thought Eleanor had neither brother nor sister?" was the young man's comment upon her words.

"Mrs. Haydon had two children when she married for the second time. Miss Eleanor is the one; you can ask the Squire, if you like, what has become of the other. He is now coming up the stairs, to make his excuses, I suppose, for hurting you; and you'll bear in mind, sir, that whatever harm you wreak on me, falls on the innocent head of my poor Letty."

Before he could say another word, she had dropped a curtsey and gone, passing Mr. Penruan on the threshold of the door as she went.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DREAMING OR WAKING.

Very suavely the Squire made his apologies for what had occurred, shifting all the blame from his own shoulders to those of Eleanor, who, he assured Max, had aggravated him intolerably by her obstinate and impertinant championship or her wily *sowbrette*.

"She is a charming girl, is this pretty step-daughter of mine!" he added; "but too high-spirited—too quick at retort. You will have to tame her, my dear boy, when you get her to California; which is to be her destination, I suppose, as the Captain has quitted the field—eh? You will have to tame her."

"I shall not attempt to effect it by throwing carafes at her head!" said Max, whose own was throbbing violently.

Mr. Penruan chose to receive this speech as a jest.

"Ha, ha!—I suppose not; but then you will not be so weakly indulgent as I have always been? A girl who knows she is handsome is generally difficult to manage, and so I have found Eleanor. She has been a most unruly ward. She really has!"

And he sighed, as if pitying himself for what he had gone through.

"So I should think, Mr. Penruan, if what I saw and heard to-day are specimens of your method," Max retorted. "No girl of spirit would submit to be spoken to as I heard you speak to Eleanor Haydon."

"Not till after she had tried my temper dreadfully!" he asserted. "My dear Max, it's very right for you to side with her; I commend you for it. May you always be as tolerant of our pretty Eleanor's faults! But do me the justice to remember that you only came in at the end of the affair, and, therefore, know but little of the provocations I had to endure."

"I think we had better not talk about it, sir," said Max, punching his pillows viciously. "However tardily I may have entered the room, I came in time to save you from committing a murder."

"Pooh, pooh!—nonsense! You are exaggerating frightfully!" the Squire exclaimed, his face turning indescribable hues. "Of course I never meant to hurt Eleanor—merely to silence her."

"For ever?" asked his auditor.

"Ha, ha! now you are joking again; and I'll not grumble at you for it, as it proves that you are not as much hurt as I feared. Very foolish of you, really, to run forward just at that moment! You ought to have known that I did not intend to do my step-

daughter any injury. You *ought* to have known that, and refrained from interfering!"

Max felt so enraged at this duplicity, that he could scarcely restrain himself from jumping up and pouring out a torrent of scornful invectives; but fortunately he remembered his promise to Charlie Renton, and contrived to keep silence.

"I suppose," said Mr. Penruan, finding that he did not speak—"I suppose I can account for Miss Eleanor's readiness to brave my authority. She expects to cast it off altogether in a short time. Isn't it so?"

"Don't run away with the idea that I am an accepted suitor, Mr. Penruan. I could not be guilty of such contemptible conduct as paying my addresses to a young lady who has a lover already."

"Then the Captain is not rejected, eh?"

"Put your queries to Miss Haydon, sir! She has not given *me* permission to enlighten you."

The Squire laughed aggravatingly.

"Am I teasing you with my questions? Is it a sore subject? I'm afraid the young lady has been playing fast and loose with you, my dear boy; and now that she threatens to jilt you, why, you don't like it! Well, well, women are contrary creatures; first smiling on the new love, then on the old, and so on to the end of the chapter!"

"I wish to heavens, sir, you'd go away!" exclaimed Max, out of all patience. "If you break my head one hour, you need not drive me wild the next!"

"Feel feverish—eh! Ah! it's been a foolish affair throughout. You really ought not to have pushed yourself forward as you did. However, it will be a lesson to you never to interfere again in any family quarrels. I don't say this angrily, my good fellow. You are a relative and a guest, and so I am quite willing to look over what has displeased me in your conduct; but at the same time, remember, it must not happen again! And now, instead of talking so much, I should advise you to lie still; that is, if you fancy yourself bad enough to go to bed. I should not have thought that a sturdy young fellow like you, used to roughing it, would have made any fuss over a scratch on the forehead, and the loss of a little blood!"

"Confound his hypocritical, artful old head!" exclaimed Max, when the Squire had left the room; leaping off the bed, and striding to and fro in his anger. "Who could endure his speeches with patience? I shall be obliged to quarrel with him, if he talks to me in this style again! So I am a meddler in family brawls, am I?—and my thanks for saving him from committing a deed that might have brought him to prison are warnings not to be so interfering again! If it were not for Eleanor, I'd take him at his word, and say farewell to this detestable place within the hour!"

But if Max had actually resolved to bid adieu to Penruan Abbey, he would not have found it an easy matter to carry out his intention. The conversation he had held with Mrs. Morison had greatly excited him, and the Squire's speeches had not tended to soothe away his feverish symptoms. He cheerfully assured the servants sent by Eleanor and her mother with kindly inquiries, that he was doing well, and should be all right by the morrow; but he did not feel able to rise and dress when the bell rang for dinner; and the night was spent in that half-delirious state, commonly called being light-headed.

Max's head, however, felt uncommonly heavy, and his eyeballs were weighed down by a stupor too full of painful sensations and strange visions to be called slumber. At one moment he was clinging to the cliffs, waiting in dire agony of mind for that relaxing of his grasp that must hurl him he knew not where; then he was following Letty through the Trevor Woods, with his path so tangled by thorns and brambles that he could not overtake her. But ever and anon his restlessness and incoherent mutterings were soothed by the pressure of cool hands on his brow—hands that bathed his hot face with some deliciously-perfumed water, and fanned him till, refreshed by the gentle current of air, he sank into calm repose.

The sun was high in the heavens when he awoke, invigorated by sleep, and, though still dizzy and weak, feeling more like himself than on the previous evening. Mrs. Morison came, as soon as she learned that he was moving, and played the surgeon once more, with such skill and gentleness that Max gave her grateful thanks for her services.

But she was coldly silent, and would not be propitiated by his courteous speeches. A chilling "Yes" or "No" was all he could extract from her, nor would she accept the gold coin he tried to force into her palm.

"I cannot take your money, sir. I told you so once before when you offered me some."

"True; because then you chose to regard the gift as a bribe, and I could not blame you for refusing it. But now I am simply repaying you for your very kind attentions both now and through the night."

"Mrs. Morison looked at him strangely, and repeated his words.

"Through the night? What do you mean, sir?"

"Was it not you who bathed my head and face so kindly when I felt hot and uncomfortable?"

"No, sir, it was not I, nor any one else. You've been delirious, and don't know what you are talking about. One of the men-servants should have stayed with you, if there had been any occasion for it; but there wasn't."

Max said no more, but when the woman had gone away, he drew his handkerchief from beneath his pillow. It was redolent of the perfume that he had inhaled in the night; and as he never used scent himself in shape, except a cake of brown Windsor soap for his shaving-box, he was very certain that Esther Morison was wrong, while he was right.

But who was his kindly visitor? Letty? Nay, her stern aunt would not let her approach him, even if she were in the Abbey. Could it, then, be Eleanor?

He put the question to that young lady when he descended to the morning-room, where he found her pale and spiritless, trifling with some needlework.

"No, Mr. Haverying, it was not I," she answered; "although I am so grateful for your prompt interference in my behalf, that I should have been pleased to do anything for you. It must have been Morison."

"Nay, she denies it, and tells me that I am self-deceived. I must confess that I have very indistinct recollections of what occurred during the night."

"Then I daresay Morison is right, for she is so testy and consequential, that after she has taken the case into her hands, no one in the house would attempt to interfere with her. In spite of her sharp ways, she is kind-hearted enough to have watched over you willingly, and yet refused to confess it, in order to avoid your acknowledgments."

"She is a strange woman," said Max, thoughtfully.

"Not strange," Eleanor corrected; "only quick-tempered and touchy, as old and valued servants will often be."

"Do you place great reliance in her?"

"Very great," was the emphatic reply. "We have every reason for doing so. It would grieve mamma dreadfully to part with her."

"And Mr. Penruan—is he equally attached to Mrs. Morison?"

Eleanor smiled at the question.

"Is he attached to any living creature but himself? Still, I must tell you that he would, on no account, part with her, although he cannot help guessing, from her short answers and sullen looks, that she dislikes him. But Morison is useful to him—very useful. As long as this is the case, he will not discharge her."

"She tells me that she holds a confidential situation here," said Max, who could not help recollecting, with some surprise, that he never encountered Mrs. Morison in those parts of the Abbey occupied by the Penruan family, and it was, therefore, with some curiosity that he awaited her reply.

But Eleanor only said briefly, "You are right, she does," and busied herself with a knot in her cotton. There were times when she seemed afraid to speak with her customary frankness, and as this was one of them, Max sat silently watching her draw her needle in and out, until the confusion of his own mind induced another query.

"Are you aware that Mrs. Morison is the aunt of a young widow, whose name I once mentioned to you, thinking you might be able to give me some information respecting her?"

At first Eleanor looked puzzled; but soon her brow cleared.

"Ah, I remember now! You mean the young person who had wedded Tom Rayne, the graceless nephew of the fisherman, Dan Calynack. And so she is Morison's niece? Perhaps you think it odd that I did not know this; but Morison is chary of talking about her own affairs. I fancy I have heard some one say that she has a sister residing near St. Erne, and it is quite possible that Mrs. Rayne is one of this woman's daughters."

Eleanor had said this in a careless tone, for the subject possessed for her none of that interest which made Max listened so attentively. While she talked, and at her earnest request tried to recall the surname of Morison's sister, she was watching the path by which the village postman came to the house, and secretly hoping he would bring her a letter from Captain Renton. However, Max had eagerly seized upon one ray of light her words conveyed. Mrs. Morison's sister, the mother of Letty resided somewhere near. If he could but learn where, what was to hinder him from seeing her, and pleading his cause to a more lenient auditor than the stern, distrustful Aunt Esther, who arrogated the right to dictate both to him and the young creature he loved?

But how was he to obtain the desired information was a very difficult question. Mrs. Morison herself would not enlighten him; the old fisherman would certain to be equally reticient; and Max could not bring himself to question the servants, who might impute to him motives that would bring discredit upon Letty herself.

He mused so long over the obstacles that always interposed to prevent his intercourse with the fair girl whom, in spite of all, he was resolved to wed, that at last Eleanor touched his arm.

"Are you asleep, cousin, or are you brooding over injuries? I think you must forgive Mr. Penruan his share in them, as he certainly did not intend to hurt you."

"No; and according to his showing, I deserved what I got. Do not let us speak of it. I grow hot and cold every time that scene recurs to my memory! Surely, dear Eleanor, you would be safer and happier under the protection of a husband so fond and faithful as I think Charles Renton would be?"

"Of course I should," she answered, sharply. "Why do you remind me of this? To tempt me into taking the step my duty to Charlie himself bids me avoid?"

"You think he is afraid of poverty?"

"No; I am sure he is not, because he really does not know the meaning of the word. He has always had sufficient for his wants, and if he has had to practice self-denial sometimes, it has been but seldom, very seldom."

"He would find it a hard task to practice it for you very often."

"How you talk!" cried Eleanor, with sorrowful impatience. "You, who cannot conceive the easy luxurious life he has always led, and how utterly impossible it would be for us to live on his pay! Say no more, Max; my heart has whispered all your arguments but too frequently. I tell you I shall not marry without my dowry; and yet more, that there are no grave reasons why I should not quit Penruan Abbey as long as my mother resides in it."

Max shrugged his shoulders. He was tired of being mystified, and he said so. "I wonder—it's a very babyish trick, isn't it?—but still I do wonder whether I shall ever come to the root of all the mysteries which have gathered about me since I have been here! Perhaps you will say that I ought not to wish it; that I must be very inquisitive to seek to know what cannot concern me. If you do, I must plead guilty; but I will say, in my own defence, that I have been more perplexed and bewildered than you can imagine."

Eleanor looked rather astonished at the impetuosity with which he was speaking, and her eyes sank thoughtfully when he paused.

"For my share in your perplexities, I am sorry," she said; "but if I have not spoken more freely on some subjects, it is because they are too painful to be dwelt upon. I am also bound by a sort of promise to my mother, not to be the first to speak of family troubles to anyone; a promise, however," she added, speaking more to herself than to Max, "which was only extracted for Mr. Penruan's sake; and therefore I shall not hesitate to break it if he does not keep faith with me."

Recollecting herself as she encountered the inquiring look her companion was bestowing upon her, she averted her own eyes, and stepped out on the terrace to meet the old postman. When she came back with the bag, it was to extract from it sundry business missives for the Squire; one directed to herself, which, with a rosy blush, she slipped into her pocket; and one which she held out to her companion.

"Here, monsieur," she said, with a saucy smile, "for the first time since you have been at Penruan, I give you a veritable *billet doux*, if delicately tinted paper, and the prettiest caligraphy in the world, are to be trusted."

Max began a laughing protest that the so-called love-letter must be a tailor's bill, but stopped and stammered as he read the address. The writing was Letty's; and when Eleanor turned from him to read her own welcome epistle in the privacy of her chamber, Max tore open the envelope of his.

There was very little to reward his pains, only the words, "The fairy grot, this evening," and the figure seven. But he was content.

Whether by chance or on purpose, he knew not, the hour his mistress named was the one at which Mr. Penruan dined. However, he would easily make indisposition a plea for absenting himself from table, and thus keep his appointment without arousing any curiosity on the part of the Squire.

How slowly the time lagged that day! But at last the long looked for evening came; and leaving his excuses with one of the servants, Max sallied forth to keep his appointment.

Heedful to give no one a clue to his destination, the young man sauntered along the front of the house, in a direction quite contrary to the spot where he hoped to be met by Letty, and, ere long, found himself under the decaying walls of a part of the building that was rapidly becoming a ruin. Not far from here, a path crossed the gardens towards the cliffs; and Max was turning into it, when the piteous whining of a dog arrested his steps.

Although impatient to reach the grot before Letty, he was too humane not to pause and listen to the sounds. It was surely the poor old hound, Rufus—the object of Eleanor's affection, and Mr. Penruan's dislike—that was yelping so pitifully for assistance. Max called to him, but was only answered by a moan; he clambered through an aperture in the wall, and found himself in a small square court, half-filled with rubbish and stones.

Rufus was not to be seen, but his yelping came from the direction of a door at the opposite corner of the court; and, concluding that the poor brute had met with an accident while prowling about this part of the Abbey, he made his way thither. As soon as he opened the door, the dog bounded out, evidently rejoicing to be set free; and after licking the hands of his deliverer gratefully, he disappeared, leaving Max half-laughing, half-vexed, that he should have suffered himself to be detained for no other reason than the hound's dislike to being shut in a narrow passage.

But as he was carelessly turning away, it struck him as odd, after all, that Rufus should have been here; and peering down the passage from which he had liberated the dog, he perceived a faint glimmer of light at the further end, and felt curious to know from whence it proceeded.

Stepping forward to reconnoitre the spot more closely, he saw that the subdued light shone through a sash-door, and it flashed across him directly that it must proceed from the curiously-fitted chamber to which he had once made his way; and he could not resist availing himself of the opportunity for taking a peep once more at an apartment that had caused him much speculation as to the uses to which it was put; and drawing nearer still, he boldly looked through the sash, but only to recoil with a start and a suppressed exclamation, and veil the eyes that had beheld a sight within that room that chilled him with horror.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOOED BACK.

"You think George has ceased to love you, Nellie?"

"I don't exactly mean that, Aunt Mary. But certainly George has changed. There was a time when he never left home in the evening; now he never stays at home an hour after dinner."

"It is a grave charge for a young wife to make."

"I wish it was only the foolish fancy you seem to imagine, Aunt Mary."

"I do not think it altogether fancy, Nellie. But I want to get at the whole truth of the matter, and see if we cannot find out the cause of this change. Surely George is not unkind to you?"

"He is always finding fault, Aunt Mary."

"With what, Nellie?"

"Oh, all sorts of things—the house, the baby, my dress."

"With no cause for complaint?"

The little wife blushed deeply, and made no answer.

Mrs. Carr, her soft eyes bent lovingly upon her niece, said very gently:

"Where does George go in the evenings, Nellie?"

"He is at his sister Kate's a great deal, and—and—Kate says he is very fond of hearing Mrs. Gordon sing."

"Mrs. Gordon. Do I know her?"

"She was Retta Wilbur, and is now a widow. Her brother is Kate's husband."

"Yes, yes. But, Nellie, you play and sing far better than Retta Wilbur."

"Not now, Aunt Mary; I never practice now."

"But George is very fond of music. I am sure you cannot neglect yours, if you try to make home the most attractive place in the world for your husband."

"I don't think the piano has been opened for a year, Aunt Mary."

"Nellie!"

"So few married ladies keep up their music."

"But many are obliged to give up accomplishments to attend to the details of household duty. This is not your excuse, Nellie. Your husband's means allow you a good, competent girl, and Maggie is a jewel of a nurse. Do you really find your whole time taken up?"

"No. I could practise, but—but——— well, I scarcely know how I got out of the habit."

"How long have you been married, Nellie?"

"Three years."

"And you think in that short time you have lost your husband's affections, at least, in a measure. I do not think so, but I will tell you where I think the trouble lies. George, as you well know, was brought up and educated in a home where refined and elegant ladies presided over every detail. I think, dear, when he met you, he saw the same refinements, the same taste and gentle manners, that make his sisters so much beloved in society, and such charming inmates of the home circle."

"Thanks to you, who filled mother's place to me."

"I was very glad when George told me of his love for you, darling. I believed him to be an honorable, true man, one whose wealth was the least attraction to my Nellie."

"You were right. He was, he is, all you thought him."

"He married you, believing he would carry to his future home one who would make it not merely a place to eat and sleep in, but a home of taste and refined pleasure. He made the mere house a gem, as I know. He brought into it a lady, and then there was in no circle of society a more charming drawing-room than Mrs. George Huntley's, nor a more devoted husband than the one whose name that lady bore. And you tell me all is changed. Nellie, is the fault on your husband's side? Have you made his home what he hoped it would be?"

"No," said Nellie, in a low tone.

"When you come to see me again, dear, tell me you have won your husband back again. Retta Wilbur was the rival of your girlhood, but she must not mar your married happiness. Let your husband see that the charms that won him can still hold his heart fast."

Very slowly Helen Huntley wended her way homeward through the dusty streets.

As Helen reviewed the past year by the light of her newly roused conscience, she marvelled at the many instances of patient forbearance she recalled, and owned in her heart that the fault finding of which she had complained, was very gentle, and very often omitted where grave cause existed for it.

It was hard to define exactly the day and the hour when the household arrangements began to fall entirely into the hands of a servant, whose perfect neatness and competency were, it must be admitted, a strong temptation to a young mistress.

It was difficult to say when Helen first found it too much trouble to dress for dinner, unless company were expected; when the drawing room was closed, except for weekly cleaning; when the fine-toned piano was first doomed to silence and solitude.

As the young wife entered her own room after her long walk, fevered with the heat of the day and her own train of thought, the little clock upon the mantle warned her that she had only two hours' time before her husband would be at home to dinner.

It required an exercise of all her newly roused resolutions to refrain from throwing herself upon the bed to rest; and surely her long walk was a good and sufficient excuse for this indulgence.

The large, airy room, cool and dusky, was very inviting, but Helen thrust aside the temptation.

Hastily divesting herself of her walking dress, she put on a loose wrapper and hurried to the drawing-room.

Half an hour there altered materially the aspect of affairs, for Helen wanted neither neatness nor taste when she chose to exert them.

A visit to the nursery, and two-year-old Georgie; and then, returning to her room, the little woman proceeded to make her own toilet, recalling her husband's favorite colors, and exerting her own taste.

A crisp, cool, white muslin, ruffled and trimmed as fashion dictated, with knots of blue ribbon at the throat and belt, and confining the luxurient waving brown hair, had transformed the pretty face and figure, and brightened Helen into a most attractive hostess.

Only ten minutes left for the dining-room.

Jane was sure to have a well-cooked dinner and a neatly-arranged table, but a few touches here and there removed all the stiff primness of Jane's work, while a tall vase of June roses made the dining-room fragrant and pleasant.

When George Huntley opened the hall door with his usual weary sigh, his foot had scarcely passed the threshold, when a pleasant sense of rest and relief crept over him.

The long-closed doors of the drawing-room stood wide open.

The half-closed blinds of the open windows admitted the cool evening breezes, softly stirring the lace curtains; vases and saucers of fresh, fragrant flowers stood here and there, and upon the piano were scattered loose sheets of music.

In this pleasant room a chubby boy in white was running to meet papa, while a smiling wife spoke a few gentle words of welcome.

No fretful woman, with untidy dress and rough hair, no boy banished to the nursery to-night.

George was a philosopher.

He made no comment, but Nellie felt the added tenderness of his kiss, noted the admiring looks in his eyes, and felt that her work was appreciated.

Dinner passed off pleasantly.

Encouraged by her success so far, Nellie chatted gaily, and George found himself lingering over the dessert of fresh fruits till long after his usual time for leaving the table.

"You are not going out?" Nellie said, as she saw George advancing ominously towards the hat rack.

"I was going to Kate's. Will you not come along?"

"I would rather have you here."

"Then I will stay. You have the first claim."

"Thanks. I was thinking how long it was since we have had a game of backgammon."

"I hoped you were going to play for me," with a glance at the piano.

"I will. To-night you must remember that I am out of practice, but afterwards, I will not claim that indulgence. To-morrow I will resume daily practice."

"I wish you would," was the earnest reply. "It has really grieved me to see such musical talent and culture as yours being wasted."

Even in that opening prelude the skillful fingers regained some of their cunning and force, and when at last Nellie said she was tired, both were amazed to find two hours had flown by.

A few games of backgammon, a song or two, and it was time to retire.

Instead of a lonely, hurried breakfast the next morning, George found Nellie in a neat morning dress, presiding over the table, as in the days when housekeeping had the charm of novelty.

Three weeks passed away, and then Kate came to spend an evening with her brother, accompanied by the pretty widow, Mrs. Gordon.

Nellie had scarcely admitted to herself why she chose her softest and prettiest muslin for that evening's wear; why she was so very careful in the arrangement of the Pompador roll her husband declared so becoming to her face; why she selected her prettiest set of jewelry, and crisp new ribbon for hair and necktie.

But George, as his visitors entered the room, could not refrain from the comparison between Nellie and Retta, and a throb of exultation at the thought that he had chosen well.

Pique, or a more ignoble impulse, prompted the dashing widow to exert all her fascinations.

She played brilliantly; she sang well; she chatted with wit and vivacity; but Nellie met her bravely upon her own ground, and conquered her.

Her musical attainments far surpassed the widow's showy, superficial playing, and her voice was full of depth and feeling.

Not once did she waver.

Her husband's heart was the stake for which she played, and though she knew it had never strayed far from its lawful allegiance, she wanted it firmly fixed upon herself.

The evening was nearly over, when Kate said:

"You have quite deserted us, George. It is three weeks since you spent an evening at our house."

"Impossible! It cannot be so long."

Nellie turned her head away to hide her glad smile of triumph.

"But it is," Kate persisted; "we were counting the days this morning."

"I will come with Nellie some evening next week. Where has the time flown, Nell?"

"There were two evenings at the theatre," Nellie said, demurely.

"Yes, and we have been learning some new duets. And I am reading Owen Meredith's last new poem aloud to Nellie, and we are contriving some additions for the conservatory, that takes time to calculate and plan. Then Nellie is helping about some papers that I want to get in order, and——"

"Stop! stop. You are pardoned," Kate cried, laughing at her brother's earnest face. "Only, when these pursuits will allow you to spare one evening, pray remember that you have a sister."

"Nell, Walter was saying last week he wanted to hear you sing that Brindisi he used to admire so much. I am so glad you have taken up your music again. We were all so proud of it."

"I mean to keep my practice up now," Nellie said. "Georgie is getting so big that mamma cannot make him an excuse for laziness any longer."

So, with promises for an evening at Kate's soon, the party separated, George escorting the ladies home.

Nellie sat thoughtfully in the deserted parlor, wondering if her husband would soon return, or be detained by Mrs. Gordon's charms till a still later hour.

The full time to be allowed for the walk had passed, and a doubt was creeping into the wife's heart, when a ringing step upon the pavement, light, bounding feet upon the steps, and the rattling of the latch-key in the lock, announced her husband's return.

"Waiting for me, dear?" he said.

"You have come home quickly," she answered.

For answer, he took her in his arms, and while he looked lovingly into her eyes, he sang in a low, sweet voice,

"There's no place like home."

So Nellie won her victory, and she kept the advantage gained.

THE BEREAVED PARENTS.

FROM A LADY'S NOTE-BOOK.

Once happy father, you need watch no more as you come from work for the pet and sunbeam of thy existence. The sweet face that made thy whole heart glow with paternal love will never greet thee on earth again; the little cheek that was so often pressed to thine is now like marble in the icy hand of death; the heart that once beat with love's affection has ceased its throbbing for ever; the rosy mouth that would smile at a loving word or kind caress, or quiver at a harsh look or cold frown, is now indifferent to both; the restless fingers will trouble you no more; the little feet that were ever pattering about will never be heard again; and the clear, ringing laugh, echoing through the house, filling it with sweet melody, is now hushed for ever.

Never again will the childish tongue utter the sweet name of mother, and the ear that never before was deaf to thy loving voice takes no notice of it now. The little dresses will never more want an owner; for the form they were wont to robe, in all its graceful beauty, is soon to be laid low in the cold and silent tomb.

Put away the playthings, pick up the little worn shoes, bearing yet the imprint of the chubby foot, a relic of the past often to be watered by a mother's tears. Push back the curly locks, damp with the dews of death, that cluster in life-like beauty around the marble brow. Gently close the pearly eyelids, with their long, silken lashes, over the glassy eyes, which, in life, shone with such laughing beaty. Tenderly straighten the stiffened limbs, and press one more kiss on the childish face, every lineament of which is engraved on thine heart; and as you take the last, long, lingering look at the little form which, in life, had never known a single want, be thankful, in all your agony, that the child so dear to you had never, in all its life, like many others, felt the awful pangs of hunger gnawing at the childish heart, or felt the bitter cold freezing those little limbs.

Step for a moment into one of the alleys of our city; into this miserable house, up the creaking stairs, into this desolate home, where there is a mother watching beside the death-bed of her first born; she loves it just as well as you loved yours, but no soft coverlet is thrown over it; its childish face is pressed against no downy pillow; its little form rests in no mahogany crib. Ah, no! far from it. The little one that has known nothing but cold and hunger, and is lying now, in death, on a heap of straw in one corner of the room, with a tattered quilt for its only covering. The skeleton hands are calmly crossed on the tired little heart. The tiny features are pinched with want, and the poor little body is nothing but a miserable frame of bones; the wretched mother thanks God, with tears streaming from her eyes, that He has called her little one home to where no temptations ever can assail it.

Oh, parents, when your little ones are called away before their young hearts are contaminated with sin or crime, when they leave sickness and sorrow for a home of perfect bliss, never wish them back; for you know that if they had remained here, it would be impossible to conjecture to what depths of woe and vice they might have fallen.

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF THE CROWN OF SCOTLAND.

The ancient crown of Scotland, now in the Castle of Edinburgh, has had advantages not unlike some of those of the Hungarian diadem. It is supposed to have been made for King Robert Bruce, and is formed of two circles of gold, the upper one being surmounted by a row of crosses and *fleurs-de-lis*, while the lower and broader ring is adorned with precious stones, in their rough, unpolished state. From this rise two arches of gold, which unite in a ball and cross. Even when the Stuarts became Kings of England, they came to Scotland, after their English coronation, to receive this crown at Scone. Charles I., indeed, wished to have the crown and regalia of Scotland sent to London, in order that the ceremony might take place there, but this was regarded as an infringement of the rights of the kingdom, and he had to come to Scotland, where he was crowned June 18, 1633. When, after his father's death, Charles II. asserted his rights in Scotland, he was crowned at Scone on January 1, 1654.

On Cromwell's advancing across the border the crown and regalia were sent away from Edinburgh to the strong castle of Dunnottar, on the shores of the North Sea, lest they should fall into his hands. They were placed under the protection of a picked garrison, commanded by the Earl of Marischal and Ogilvy, of Barras, a veteran soldier. Several guns were sent to reinforce the castle, among others Mons Meg, and the great embrasure through which this monster was fired is still shown at Dunnottar. On the 3d of January, 1652, the Cromwellian Gen. Lambert, having closely invested the castle, summoned it to surrender. The summons was rejected, and the siege begun. Ogilvy had previously asked that a ship might be sent to carry off the crown, scepter and sword of State, but Charles had not been able to comply with the request. It soon became evident that the castle could not hold out long, and it was therefore necessary to devise some plan for saving the regalia. The chief agent in the plot was the wife of the Rev. James Granger, of Kinneff, a small church four miles from Dunnottar. She obtained from Gen. Lambert permission to pass through his lines, in order to visit the lady of the castle, and on her return secretly brought away the Scottish crown. Her maid followed her, bearing two large bundles of lint, as if for spinning, but in one of them the sword of State was hidden and in the other the scepter. On reaching Kenneff she gave them to her husband, and that night they went into the church, raised a flag of the pavement in front of the pulpit, dug a hole, and buried there the crown and scepter. In another part of the church they bid the sword in the same way.

When, on the fall of the castle, the regalia were found to be gone, great was Lambert's indignation. Tradition says that he suspected the Grangers, and tortured them in vain in order to extort their secret. But suspicion was at length lulled to rest by the report that the crown had been sent abroad. Occasionally the minister and his wife went by night into the church to change the cloths in which the crown was wrapped, in order to preserve it from the damp, and at the restoration they gave up the regalia in safety to Charles II. A grant of 2,000 marks rewarded Mrs. Granger for her faithful service. After the union, when on account of the strength of the Jacobite party, the English Government very unwisely exhibited on many occasions the mistrust with which they regarded the sentiment of Scottish nationality, the crown and regalia, as its most striking emblems, were shut up in a strong coffer in the crown-room of Edinburgh Castle. This took place in 1707, and there remained for more than a century, until they were again restored to light by the commission appointed for that purpose in 1818.

HAPPINESS AND FLOWERS.

What fanciful image of happiness is not associated with flowers; the delight of infant ramblers in the sunshine of May; the reward of their searchings in the meadows among brambles and ferns; infantile honors and decorations for the brows of childhood; the types of their budding affections, and the materials for their cheerful devices; the ornaments of young May-queens, and the joy of their attendants; the fair object of their quest in the sunny borders of fragrant woods; the pride of their simple ambition, when woven into garlands of love! How blank would the earth be to childhood without flowers! How destitute the fields of beauty and nature of poetry!

But the intelligence that set light in heaven, to beam with every imaginable hue, has not made us sensitive to beauty, without bestowing upon the earth those forms which, like the letters of a book, convey to the mind an infinity of delightful thoughts and conceptions. Hence, flowers are made to spring up in wood and dell, by solitary streams, in moss-grown recesses; near every path that glides through the meadow, and in every green lane that wanders through the forest; and nature has given them an endless variety of forms, colors and deportment, that by their different expressions they may awaken every agreeable passion of the soul. There is no place where their light is not to be seen. Insects sip from their honey-cups the nectar of their subsistence, during a life as ephemeral as that of the blossoms they plunder; and the summer gales rejoice in their sweets with which they have laden their wings. Morning greets them when she wakes, and sees them spread out their petals to the light of the sun, all glowing with beauty when the dews that sleep nightly in their bosoms steal silently back to heaven; and every day is relieved of its weariness by the myriads that brighten when it approaches, and sweeten with their fragrance the transitory visits of each fleeting hour.

When is the mind so impassive that it is not animated by the presence of flowers, and made hopeful by their gaiety? Where is the eye that does not see them and note their comeliness, and wish that they might never droop or decay? Where is the lover that does not view them as partaking of his own passion, and looking fair for the sake of her whom they seemed to be created? The young bride, when garlanded with their wreathes, feels that the virtues that should reside in her heart have shed their grace upon her through these fair symbols; and mourners, when they see them clustering round the tomb of a departed friend, worship them as a light of heaven, foreshowing in their sleep and resuscitation the soul's immortality!

SLENDER FEET.

Parisian women are noted for their tiny feet, narrow ankles, and arched instep. We learn every day that the small arched foot is a sign of nobility—a rule that admits of many exceptions. Generally, the aristocratic foot is fine, slender, nervous, delicate; the foot of the plebeian short and gross.

The English have the flat foot; the Russians have enormous feet, as heavily attached as those of an elephant. For this reason, it is said, a Russian princess invented trained robes.

The American women are acknowledged to have beautiful feet.

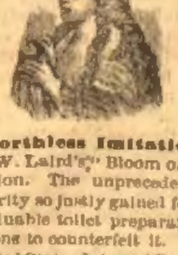
The fascinating forms and manners of the "ladies of Cadiz," the theme of old ballads, retain all their famous celebrity. Every one has heard of their dark, glancing eyes; their pretty hands "skilled" in the "nice conduct of the fan;" their feet, dainty and fairy-like, "of which a glimpse is one of the last precious favors accorded to lovers' sighs and tears;" and more than all, their walk.

The beauty of feet does not consist in their smallness so much as in their symmetry and grace of outline, and in their being short or extremely small.

The feet of the Venus de Medicis excite the admiration of every one who look at the beautiful statue. In the outline of their extremity they approach the elegant form of the ellipsis, and are founded from the proportions of nature, that of six to one between the feet and the body, the standard of measurement adopted by the large part of the sculptors of antiquity.

The natural projection of the second toe, which gives the foot its elliptic form, is arrested in its development by compression of the boot or shoe, and thus its beauty is marred and its elastic tread impeded.

There is always a similarity in the natural shape of the thumb and foot of the same person. If the hand is plump, rounded, and dimpled, with a delicate wrist, so are the feet dimpled on the first joints of the toes, and the ankle softly round.



Worthless Imitations

Of George W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" are in circulation. The unprecedented success and popularity so justly gained for this harmless and valuable toilet preparation have induced persons to counterfeit it. The genuine has the United States Internal Revenue Stamp engraved on the front label, and the name of G. W. Laird stamped in the glass on the back of each bottle. No other is genuine. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods dealers. Depot 5 Gold street, New York. Price, 75 cents.

ST. KEVIN—A LEGEND OF GLENDALOUGH, IRELAND.

BY HENRIETTA WELLINGTON BOATE.

'Twas a Christmas night, long, long ago,
When St. Kevin lived on this land,
And chimed his hymn so soft and low
Where the Seven Churches stand;
The Abbey was hung with lamps of gold,
While the midnight mass was sung,
And meekly prayed the foresters bold,
Where the perfumed censers swung;
And the feast did follow the fast and prayer,
While the good saint healed each heart
Of the humble hundreds gathered there,
To take in the joy a part.
The portals were opened wide that night,
And, 'tis said, that angels stood
To deal the fool to each hungry wight—
Each robed in a lowly hood;
And the good saint gave, as a high command,
That each hearth should hold jubilee,
And charity aid, with a bounteous hand,
Each beggar of low degree.

O'Toole's lofty castle with ivy is dressed—
The vassals are decked in their holiday best;
He sits on his throne with high honor and pride,
While round him soft strains of festivity glide.
The walls are all draped with rich poplin the rarest,
Festooned up with holly and snow-drops the fairest;
The wild winter cherry, all fresh from the field,
With the green laurustinus are wreathed o'er each shield;
The battle axe sleeps with the pike and the spear,
And the King holds his revel devoid of all fear;
The yule-log is shedding a welcoming blaze,
The bright lamps look brighter with holiday rays;
The boar's head is steaming in rosemary gay,
The goblets are wreathed in wild myrtle and bay;
The wild goose and plover, with onions and sage,
Are borne to the feast by a saffron-clad page;
A deer roasted whole cheered the oaken board wide,
And though *enchant* he seems in his garlands to pride;
His antlers are hung with gay ribbons and flowers,
And o'er the choice dishes in glory he towers;
Usquebaugh flows in streams from rich goblets of gold,
And tales of the chase by the feasters are told;
A Harper is chiming a strain full of joy;
In the midst of the feasting there comes an alloy.

A scream, and another is heard at the gate,
And a maiden unearthly for Hubert doth wait,
For Hubert the comely, the King's beloved heir,
While wildly he gazed on the guests in despair;
No home had the mourner, her kindred were dead,
And Hubert had vowed the fair maiden to wed;
The snow, it was falling; the storm, it was high,
And dark clouds of gloom hovered over the sky;
The scream, it grew louder, then fainter, then low;
The maiden was waiting and shivering below;
Young Hubert O'Toole threw his wine-cup aside,
And said to his father: "O, welcome my bride!
Her eyes are of saphire, and golden her hair;
No maid in thy kingdom so beauteous and fair;
In secret I loved her, and would her as mine;
Oh, now let me hail her as daughter of thine!
The sleet falls in torrents, and wild is the gale,
Oh, doom not to tempest a flower-et so frail!
Brave King in thy glory, thy honor and state,
Oh, leave not the stranger to die at thy gate!
St. Kevin has laid his dark curse on the wight
Who refuses the homeless a shelter to-night."

Then the king stood up in a wrathful mood,
With pride on his kingly brow,
And swore by his sword and St. Kevin's hood
That his heir must break his vow.
"'Tis Christmas night," young Hubert cries,
"Oh, father, hear my prayer,
And doom not the gentle maid I love
To be homeless in the air,
Else bid thine only son farewell:
O'er wood and brake I flee,
And on some rugged pass shall dwell,
But ne'er return to thee!"
"Go forth, then, with thy father's wrath,
And thy maiden of low degree,
And build thy bower on mountain path—
Thy home no more thou'lt see."

The cold winds are blowing, the hour waxes late,
The youth and the maiden have passed from the gate;
She wrung her white hands, and dishevelled her hair,
While wilder she screamed in the depths of despair;
O'er bramble and morass, through thin Ret and cill,
They wandered the valley and clambered the hill;
The dark "Lover's Leap" in white foam bubbled on—
They stumbled and fell; Ah, the lovers are gone!
All help-less they screamed on the night wind for aid—
The cold stream soon closed over lover and maid!

HOW NELLIE LOST HER CHANCE

BY ALIBON.

"William," mamma says, as she hands papa his second cup of tea, "I really think you ought to do something for the girls."

"Something for the girls!" papa echoes, vaguely.

"Yes. Hester and Nellie are grown up now, and Ada cannot be kept a child much longer. Don't you see that she is a head taller than I am?"

Poor papa! I am sure he knows these facts only too well. Nellie and I wish mamma would not broach this subject, in our presence at least; it makes us feel hot and uncomfortable. Cuckoo takes advantage of the preoccupation round the breakfast-table to empty the sugar-bowl; Ada stares out into the gloomy back premises, unconcealed by the wire blind and faded moreen curtains. Papa is a lawyer, and uses the front parlor as an office. It is eight o'clock on a dull December morning—for papa insists upon our being early, though Nellie says the day is long enough for all we have to do in it without getting up by gas-light, and Ada never gets her dress on before the bell rings for prayers. Papa reads prayers to those who are down stairs in time.

But to return to this particular morning on which my story opens.

"What can I do for them that I am not doing?" papa asks, stirring his tea, an added line on his careworn forehead. "If I can manage to provide them all with bread and butter and shoe-leather, it is about as much as I can do."

"But the girls must come out, my dear," mamma persists, paying no attention to Nellie's frown or to my deprecatory shake of the head.

"Must they? Well, I'm sure I don't want to keep them in. Let them come out by all means."

"My dear, you talk nonsense." I know mamma is getting angry. "You understand very well what I mean. They cannot go out to parties or anything of the kind unless they are suitably dressed; and I cannot dress them suitably on the allowance you make me at present."

"But how do you know they would be asked out if they had clothes?"

"Why, Mrs. Watson has invited us to her ball on Tuesday, for one, and I have declined several invitations since Hess came home. People know we have grown-up daughters now, and will be sure to ask us. The girls would be more than ordinarily good-looking, if they were properly dressed."

"Would they? papa echoes again, looking round the table with a quizzical look in his kind eyes.

There are seven of us, all told—seven girls and not a single boy. We are all very much alike, but seem to improve as we go down the scale. We are all dark-eyed and fair-haired and pink-cheeked; but my superabundant locks deepen to a light brown, while Cuckoo's are flint-white, the others being of every intermediate shade.

"I am really very hard up at present," papa observes, gathering his letters together before rising from the table. "Paying for two together at that school this year has come rather heavy; and now I suppose Bessie must go."

We three elder girls have been educated at a cheap Moravian school in the heart of Germany. I have been a year at home, Nellie and Ada a couple of weeks. We are supposed to have acquired sufficient knowledge during the year abroad alloted to each to carry us through life.

"I have been thinking," mamma remarks, as she locks up the empty sugar-bowl, "that perhaps Bessie might wait another year for her turn at Carlsfeldt, and we could then afford to give the elder ones a chance of making a home for themselves. They will be sure to marry well if they get fair play."

"Doesn't that seem rather hard on Bess?" questions papa, smoothing the girl's golden head.

Bessie says nothing one way or the other.

"If any of them can dispense with education, it is Bessie. And Ada can teach the younger ones very well for the present."

"All right, my dear—do as you think best. If you wish, I will give you the money to dress and bring out one of the girls, if you think it will do her any good. But I can afford only enough for one at a time, so let them take it in turn. If one isn't married in a given time, let her step back and give place to the next. I see no other way of carrying out your plan."

Papa speaks half in joke, but mamma has gained her point, as in such matters she always does gain it. Strange to say, though the cause is our own, our sympathies are at present with the vanquished. Half an hour later I come breathlessly into my mother's room. She is looking over some dresses in her wardrobe—for, though mamma had no fortune beyond her handsome face, she was "brought out" in orthodox fashion. The result is not exactly an argument in favor of her plan.

"What on earth is the matter, Hess?" she asks when she sees my face.

"Mamma, I blurt out, "who is going to have the first chance?"

"Why, you of course, my dear. You are the eldest."

"And if anybody asks me to marry him, I shall be expected to take him?"

"If it is an eligible offer, certainly. That is the object in going to much additional expense for you."

"But, mamma, I'm—I'm—engaged!"

"Hester! Don't let me hear another word of any such absurd folly. Does Charlie Escott think that I am going to allow my daughter to grow *passee* while he serves his apprenticeship? Does he think that I am going to countenance an engagement of three or four years, to end in a life of struggle and poverty like my own? Let me hear no more of this nonsense!" And mamma's blonde face flushes angrily.

"It's not nonsense," I sob, half choked with indignant tears. "I shall never marry any one but Charlie, mamma, and so I tell you."

"Then you shall certainly have no more money spent upon you," threatens mamma, still more angrily. "But I shall soon get your father to put a stop to this! I have spoken to him already about the folly of having that penniless young man so much about the house. But your father never had any common sense."

"Papa likes Charlie, and never refused to let us be engaged when I came home from Germany. And I went to papa just now, and told him I loved Charlie, and that he loved me, and that we would be true to each other, and that I didn't want any dress or anything; and he said, 'All right; run away and tell your mother;' and I will never give Charlie up as long as I live."

Mamma is smoothing out the shining folds of a blue silk. The angry look is dying out of her eyes, and giving place to an absent one. She is evidently weighing something in her mind. My breathless vows and half-swallowed tears do not affect the balance, but that something else does I can see.

"Call Nellie," she commands, at last, when I have subsided into a spasmodic catching of the breath, and have rubbed my face with my tear-damped handkerchief till it shines resplendent, especially my nose.

I call Nellie, and she comes.

"Nellie," mamma asks, turning to her second daughter, "can you tell me whether you are engaged?"

"Engaged, mamma!" Nellie repeats, in genuine surprise.

"Yes, engaged. I find that I have been taking a great deal of most unnecessary trouble about my daughters' settlement in life, as it seems they have taken the matter into their own hands."

Nellie looks at me.

"I am not engaged most assuredly, mamma," she answers, frankly. "To whom could I be engaged, except one of our German professors?" And she laughs.

Nellie is pretty, exceedingly pretty. Mamma looks from her jubilant face to my tear-swollen one, and is consoled.

"Then, as Hester is," she remarks coldly, "it is your turn to go into society. It would be throwing money away to dress and bring out a girl who was already engaged. If Hester persists in this folly, she forfeits her turn."

"I'm sure I'm not sorry," I exclaim, quickly. "I should hate the idea of being dressed out to catch a husband!"

Nellie eyes the blue silk in our mother's hand, and my sarcasm moves her not. She has a passion for finery, never yet gratified, and one of her dearest ambitions has always been to possess a blue silk.

"I determined years ago, that my daughters should marry rich men," mamma says, letting the shining folds further dazzle Nellie's eyes. "If Hester persists in her choice, she shall at least be the only one who marries into poverty. Ada has too much ambition, and, as for Bessie, I have no fears on her account."

Nellie scarcely hears. She is staring in ecstasy at a pink cashmere opera-cloak which has followed the silk. Mamma takes a delicately-carved ivory fan from its wrappings of tissue paper.

"Mrs. Poole has often asked Hester to go to concerts with her, and, though I have refused because she has not properly come out, I shall, of course, accept them for you now. This cloak is almost as good as new. Your father always admired it. I shall give it to you, Nellie."

Nellie throws it over her shoulders, unfurls the fan, and at once looks the picture of a practical coquette.

"I generally wore pink when I was a girl," mamma observes, looking at her complacently, "but then I was paler than you are—more like Ada, though not so slim. I was vastly admired at the Broadshire Hunt Ball the year after I came out. Lord Tufton paid me great attention. But then your father came——"

"Mamma's sigh is not exactly flattering to poor papa.

"I shall get you a new dress for Mrs. Watson's ball, Nellie; you must be in white. Let me see—this is Friday. I declare we have no time to lose. We must go to Madame Vega's about it after luncheon."

"Madame Vega's!" ejaculates Nellie.

"She is rather expensive, I know, but then her things are always in such good taste, and first impressions are everything, you see, and I want to get you a dress for paying morning calls, and a new hat. What kind of hat would you like best, Nellie?"

Nellie is so bewildered that she cannot immediately decide. I remind her of various longings for a black velvet with a humming-bird to which I have been a party, but she rather leans now towards a sealskin hat, and mamma does not object, though it will cost at least a guinea. A little pang of envey does for a moment seize me, but it does not last. After all, one look from Charlie Escott's dark eyes is better to me than a dozen sealskin hats.

* * * * * * * * *

After luncheon mamma and Nellie go out shopping. The children are in the square, and Ada is shut up in her room. I take the opportunity of having a good practice. I go over and over a favorite song of mine, "When sparrows build," and half in love with the wild sweet chords and sweeter words, am repeating the melancholy refrain for at least the ninth time, when a hand is laid over mine on the keys.

"Where are they all? Uncle William was called out, and gave me leave to run up here for a few minutes. I heard you singing, and have been dying to get away this last hour. Are they all out?"

"Mamma and Nellie have gone out shopping."

His handsome dark face is bent within an inch of my own—his saucy dark eyes look into mine. There is not such another face in the whole world, I think. But of course he does not know that.

"I hope they'll stay out and let us have a chat. I haven't seen you for two whole days, Hess!"

"Oh, Charlie," I cried, turning on the music-stool to confront him, "I have such news to tell you! Nellie is to 'come out' this winter!"

"Come out! Why haven't you just said that she is out?"

"You stupid goose! I mean she is to be introduced, to go into society, and to parties, and all that."

"Oh," says Charlie, drawing a long breath. "that's it, is it?"

"Yes. We're to take it in turn to come out one by one, you know, because papa can afford to dress only one at a time."

"And when does your turn come?" Charlie asks, jealously, drawing himself up a little."

"I'm not to have any turn. I've resigned in favor of Nellie."

"I'm glad to hear it." Charlie looks quite relieved. "But how did you get out of it? I should think aunt Eliza would make you go whether you wanted to go or not."

"It is not such a dreadful thing as you imagine," I observed rather piqued; "girls don't generally want to get out of being well dressed, going to balls and concerts, and getting rich husbands. That's what mamma intends Nellie to do this winter."

My darling," Charlie whispers, putting his arm round my neck and resting his cheek against mine, "you have given all this up for my sake!"

"I have not given you up for the sake of it," I whisper back, resting my head against his shoulder, my hand still lying idly on the keys—"you need not give me too much credit. I did what pleased myself best."

But Charlie does give me credit, and a great many kisses too.

"We won't be unhappy because we are not very rich, Hess," he says, stoutly. "I am twenty-one to-day, and it won't be so very long before I have a home of my own. If aunt Eliza gets the others well married, she will let you please yourself, Hess, won't she? She won't want to make you wait till I have six or seven hundred a year, will she?"

"No. I think she will expect to have Cuckoo married before then," I answer, laughing. "But there is time enough to think about marrying. I should be quite content to wait for seven years."

"But I shouldn't," Charlie answers, quickly. "I shan't wait a day longer than I can help."

The December dusk closes in, the fire-light begins to make itself apparent on walls and ceiling. Charlie and I talk in whispers, dreamily happy in our own way, satisfied with the bliss of each other's presence and nearness; and then the children come in from the square, and papa returns to his office, and Charlie goes.

At dinner the young ones are quite wild with excitement at the idea of seeing Nellie's new things and of dressing her for the ball. Elly is to put on her gloves, and Cuckoo has secured the favor of putting on her boots.

"I've got a lovely dress," she tells me, *sotto voce*—"a white grenadine over white silk, with a great chattelaine of jessamine down the skirt. And mamma got me the sealskin hat, and a whole box of gloves, and a splendid Navy-blue serge. But I hate to get so many grand things, Hess, while you have nothing; it seems horrid."

"Never mind, Nellie," I answer, magnanimously, remembering sweet words and kisses which have gone a good way towards consoling me. But Nellie is the centre of attraction all the evening, and looks wonderfully pretty, her cheeks and eyes burning with excitement and anticipated triumph.

"I hope you won't be long about getting off, Nellie," Ada remarks, raising her long neck, and joining, for the first time, in the conversation, "because then it will be my turn."

"And after that comes mine," says Bessie, placidly.

Papa and mamma look at Bessie, and then at each other and smile.

"Nellie is to marry a lord, and take me to live with her," announces Richmal from the rug.

"And Ada is to marry a duke, and take me to live with her," adds Elly.

"And Bess is to marry a prince, and take me to live with her," papa finishes, pulling her hair—Bess is always at papa's side.

Nobody speaks of coming to live with me. There is no novelty about my love affair. The children, ashamed of having no brothers always reply to companions who ask them the question that they have a brother Charlie who is in papa's office. He has been like one of ourselves since he came up to London, three years ago, lodging in the next street, and spending most of his evenings, till lately, with us. Lately mamma has not encouraged this.

And so we settle everything; and whereas the night before Nellie lay awake, thinking how she could turn her old felt hat into the present fashionable shape, to-night she lies awake from pure *embrras de richesse*, and tosses and turns because she cannot make up her mind as to what colored gloves will look best with her new Navy-blue serge.

* * * * * * * * *

Nellie's *debut* is a grand success—there is not a doubt about that. Mamma is satisfied—mamma, who, in her rejuvenated black satin, with a black lace shawl over her shoulders, sat by calmly triumphant while the girl's praises were sung on every side, forgetting her own sleepiness, and anxieties about to-morrow's dinner, in watching her pretty daughter.

I don't think Nellie ever had any misgivings as to her own ultimate success. Her glass, consulted pretty often, told too plainly that her face was fair to allow of any great fear of failure. She took the homage paid her quite as a matter of course, the only sign of newness about her being that she seemed so thoroughly to enjoy herself. The *blase* air of fashion would come to her soon enough; there was a charm about her very freshness and gaiety which told powerfully in her favor, and, if she sat out a single dance, it was not for lack of partners.

She is not in the least tired this morning, though she danced till daylight. She gives a full, complete, and exhaustive account of the ball to a rapt audience in her room and mine. Ada drinks in every word, her pale face full of absorbed attention. Bessie says nothing, but listens all the same. As for the children, it is like a new edition of *Cinderella* to them; and, when a real live lord comes on the scene, there is a tumult of acclamation.

"The fairy prince!" cries Elly, clapping her hands. "Say, Nell, did he dance with you?"

"Yes," replies Nellie, calmly; "he asked for an introduction, and I danced with him two or three times."

"Oh, Nellie! Nellie! And is he nice? Is he handsome?"

"He is nice enough, but not handsome," Nellie answers. "There were forty people there handsomer than he. But he is nice."

"Shall you ever see him again?" cries Richmal.

"Perhaps," says Nellie, demurely.

I can see that she does not tell us half she might tell us if she pleased, and I look at her with different eyes from those with which I looked at her the day before. She is pretty enough even to marry a lord, I think, if such an almost impossible thing could come to pass. A little paler, more ethereal-looking than usual, her brown eyes shining under their brown lashes, her golden-brown hair curling over her forehead, plaited across her head, and waving over her shoulders, she looks as pretty a girl as one would see in a summer day. But a certain dashing young Fusilier seems to have fascinated her far more than the lord—indeed, if it be true that there is safety in numbers, my sister's heart is in no danger yet.

Mamma comes into the room while the chatter is at its loudest, an open note in her hand.

"An invitation for you, Nellie," she remarks, handing it to her. "Mrs. Poole wants you to dine with her this evening. She seemed to take such a fancy to you last night that I knew this would come. She has some young people staying in the house, and said she would take every care of you, if I would trust you with her occasionally. It is a capital opening, as her position is so good, and her circle includes several people whom it will be well for you to know."

"Isn't she that hideous old woman who wears a wig and drives in the big carriage with the gray horses?"

"My dear Elly, don't say that kind of thing, and don't speak in that loud, vulgar voice. What can you wear to-night, Nellie? Could we do anything to that blue silk?"

Nellie's eyes sparkle.

"Oh, mamma! But I suppose I could not wear my ball-dress again."

"Certainly not. The silk is yours, my dear, but it will require some alterations. You must rest now, while Hess and I see what can be done to it. Run away, children, and leave her in peace. If you tire yourself, you will look like a ghost to-night, Nellie—and that won't please Mrs. Poole."

Mamma and I spend an hour or two over the blue silk. She is in a very good humor to-day, and does not mention Charlie's name. Perhaps she thinks practical lessons best.

"Nellie was quite the belle of the ball," she tells me, complacently; "and indeed I never saw her looking better. Captain Cholmondeley paid her great attention, and even young Lord Gaybrook seemed quite taken with her. I shall be very much surprised if she does not make quite the match of the season. Everybody seems to think she will."

Poor Nellie, whom I had seen only last week painfully covering a bonnet-shape with dyed silk, and endeavoring to turn her slippers inside out to stitch the uppers to the soles!

At seven o'clock Mrs. Poole's carriage comes for her. Mrs. Poole is Ada's godmother, and has known mamma all her life. We girls have not often had the pleasure of meeting her, nor do we desire it now. But Nellie knows whom she will meet at her house, and departs with a joyous look on her bright face, and the blue silk showing off her pretty white neck and arms to the best advantage.

Papa and mamma go out to tea at some old friend's soon after Nellie's departure, and we girls are left alone. We are sitting in the dingy dining-room, Elly and Cuckoo playing on the rug with dolls, Richmal seated with a book in an arm-chair, Bessie placidly doing crochet, Ada leaning back in a low chair, doing nothing. Ada is not very like the rest of us. Her figure is taller, and her face paler and thinner; but her features are simply perfect, and the great black eyes under their even brows are remarkable. She wears her very fair hair rolled tightly on the top of her head, making her long throat look longer, and her shoulders thin and angular, for she has outgrown her strength. She has outgrown all her clothes, too, and shows a great deal of wrist and ankle generally.

I am thinking, half sadly, while darning a pair of papa's socks, of the different way Nellie and I were spending the evening, when Charlie Escott comes into the room.

"I know the governor was out," he says, laughing mischievously. "I'm going to take you all to the pantomime."

"Charlie!" I exclaim, while the children's eyes sparkle with delight.

"Not really and truly, Charlie?" said Richmal.

"Yes, really and truly. Not Cuckoo and Elly, because it is time for them to go to bed; but you, Richie, and Bessie and Ada. So go and get your hats on, for it is time to be off."

"But, Charlie," I remonstrate, more soberly, "I don't think papa and mamma would like it. To go without asking them, too! I really don't think we ought to do it."

"Nonsense," says Charley. "I've got the tickets, so it would be a shame to throw them away. Besides, it will be a glorious lark! You'll be home before they're back, and they won't say a word then. Run, girls, or I'll be off without you! We are going to the 'undress,' so put on the plainest things you've got."

Ada and Richmal depart as bidden, but Bessie elects to stay at home to take care of the children. In the hall, Charlie detains me, having followed us out of the room.

"Don't you think I deserve a kiss for the tickets, Hess?" holding my hands over the banisters, and looking up into my face.

"No, you do not," I answered, laughing. "I think it is extremely wrong of you to tempt us in this way. I am acting in direct opposition to my conscience by going at all!"

"Come, Hess—they'll be back in a minute. Do give me one."

Whether I give him one or not, has nothing to do with my present story.

When we come down stairs, dressed for our expedition, Charlie surveys us somewhat critically. He finds no fault with my pilot jacket and old black hat.

"Why did you put on that white thing, Ada?" he asks, with a dissatisfied look at Ada's Polish ermine jacket.

"Because I've nothing else," Ada answers, quietly.

"But why not, Charlie?" I ask.

"It's too—too conspicuous," Charlie replies, hesitatingly. "It might not be on any one else, but it is on her. However, it doesn't much matter. Come along. We'll have jolly fun."

We have a sharp drive in a cab to the theatre. I think the very feeling of being engaged in a questionable escapade, lends an added zest to the affair. Charlie is delighted with the success of his stratagem, but comports himself with becoming dignity, as the protector of three ladies. We flatter ourselves that he looks quite paternal and elderly in his dark Ulster coat.

We secure good places in the undress circle, Charlie and I behind, the two girls in front.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

THE RUSTIC AND THE ECCLESIASTIC.

A countryman was one day driving a pig before him to market when he fell in with two monks, the superior of a French convent, and the porter. "Let us have some fun with this fellow," said the porter to the superior. "I will call his pig an ass; and when he gets angry, I will say: 'Well, let us refer the matter to the Father Superior, and if he says I am right, I will keep the beast for myself.' Then you will join in the conversation, and say it is an ass, and we will keep it, of course." "Agreed," said the superior; and when the countryman came up, the whole farce was gone through; and the pig changed masters, greatly to the owner's disgust. Meditating revenge, he dressed himself at nightfall like a poor country girl, and presented himself at the gate of the monastry just as a storm was coming on, and ringing the bell demanded shelter for the night. "Impossible," groaned the porter, looking through the wicket; "we cannot have a woman in here." "But the storm," clamored the pretended girl, "and the dark; you cannot leave me out here to perish from the inclemency of the weather." "But we can, and we will," said the porter, who was a very St. Anthony in his pious resolution. "What you ask is impossible." At this juncture the Superior, who was a tender-hearted man, put his head out of the window, and desired to know what all the talking was about; and when he heard the case stated, he decided the girl should be admitted. "And as," said the good man, "I cannot send her into any of your cells, my brother, she is welcome to pass the night in mine, sitting in this arm chair, wrapped up as she is, in that thick cloak." This was the very thing the countryman wished: so he agreed with alacrity; the superior took him into his cell, and showed him the chair in which he was to sit. And there to be sure he sat the whole night through, as quiet as a mouse, while the superior slept the sleep of the just, undisturbed by dreams of the pig so fraudulently obtained; when all of a sudden as morning began to dawn, out came a thick stick, and up got the countryman from the chair, and whack! whack! went the stick on the superior's back to the tune of "So I don't know a pig from an ass, don't I?" The monks were sound sleepers, and by the time the fraternity were roused, the superior had got a very sound drubbing indeed; and the countryman was off and away without any one having as much as seen him. Next day he dressed himself up as a doctor, and came round to the monastery, asking if there was any one ailing, to the great joy of the monks; who compassionated the Father Superior's hard case, but did not like to send for the doctor of the neighborhood, lest it should occasion a scandal. This itinerating physician was accordingly received with open arms, and conducted to the superior's cell, where, shaking his head gravely, he declared that a certain herb was necessary to his cure. The herb was a rare one, and the whole community to a man turned out to seek it, and dispersed themselves over the Campagna in quest of it, leaving the pretended doctor and Superior alone, when, sad to tell, out come the stick again, and whack! whack! it went to the same tune as before, till the poor Superior, beaten within an inch of his life yelled so horribly that his piteous cries reached his brethren far out on the Campagna. In hot haste they returned, but too late to catch the doctor; he was gone. The chastisement, however, which he had bestowed had not been without its effects. "We have sinned, my brethren," groaned the Superior, as they clustered around his bed; and he forthwith decreed that the man's pig should be restored to him, and an ass added to it.—*Miss Rusk's "Folk Lore of Rome."*

THE AGE OF MACHINERY.

We doubt if this age differs from all the other ages in any one particular, so much as in being the age of machinery. In the past civilizations, much as they accomplished, excelling us in many particulars, machinery did not come into general use, or was it of the simplest character. At the highest point of Egyptian civilization wheat was ground by women in a handmill, made of two stones; or, at best, by larger stones turned by oxen. The fine linen of Egypt was spun from a hand distaff, and woven in a loom of the simplest description. Thousands of men were employed in works which would now be done almost entirely by machinery.

Now, machinery does a large proportion of all our work, and is every day coming into wider use. Machines make almost everything and machines make machines. If we travel, the steam engine propels us. Our food is prepared by complex machinery. Our clothing is spun, woven, and sewed by machines. Machines knit our stockings, and do the largest part of the work in making our shoes. The pin that fastens our garments is completely made, headed, pointed, and polished, by a series of machines. The hook and eye are made from the reel of wire by a machine which seems to possess human intelligence.

Unless our readers are very considerate, they scarcely know how much they are indebted to machinery. The paper you hold in your hand has come through a long series of machinery. It has passed through the cotton-gin—a very simple, but most important invention: few have done more for modern civilization. It has been squeezed in the cotton press. It has been carded, spun, woven, worn to rags; then washed, picked in pieces, bleached, ground to pulp, squeezed through rollers, and finally come out an endless sheet of white paper. The linen and hempen portions are passed through their peculiar processes. Then come type-making machines, and printing machines, and with some little brain labor, which cannot yet be done by machinery, you have your POST.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

GERMAN WAFFLES.—Half a pound of butter stirred to a cream, the yolks of five eggs mixed with half a pound of flour, half a pint of milk gradually stirred in, and lastly the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth and beaten into the butter. Very rich and delicious.

BREAD CAKES.—A loaf of bread soaked in milk or milk and water over night. In the morning stir in a teacupful of flour, two eggs beaten till light, a small piece of butter or lard, a teaspoonful of soda and a little salt. Mix very smooth, and drop a spoon upon the griddle.

FOR STAINING FLOORS OF HALLS AND COMMON PLACES.—One peck of red oak bark, two pounds of common tobacco, with a little copperas. Boil the bark and tobacco for some time. When done, take out the ingredients and stir in the copperas. Put it on with a painter's brush. When dry, mop over with a weak lye. Wax, and rub while damp.

HATH CAKES.—Mix well together a quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of flour, two large eggs, and a table-spoonful of yeast; set the mixture before the fire to rise, and when this has been effected, add two ounces of finely-powdered sugar, and half an ounce of carraways. Roll the paste out into little cakes; bake them on tins.

BATTER PUDDING.—Beat four eggs thoroughly, mix with them half a pint of milk, and add them by degrees to half a pound of flour. When the batter is perfectly smooth, thin it with another half pint of milk. Flour well a wet pudding-cloth, pour the batter in, leave it room to swell, tie it securely, and put it in plenty of fast-boiling water. One hour and a quarter will boil it. Send to table with wine sauce.

ORANGE CREAM.—To one gallon and a quart of cream put twelve oranges and four lemons. Grate the peel from the oranges and mix with the sugar. Then squeeze the juice from the oranges and pick out all the fine pulp. Squeeze and strain out also the juice from the lemons and mix all together with the cream, making it very sweet. One pound and a half of sugar should be about the quantity required.

FOR PARLOR FLOOR.—One gallon of linseed oil, one pound of Spanish brown, two pounds of Sienna powder, one ounce of litharge. Mix, and put over the fire. Let it come to a boil. Take it off, and stir in one pint of spirits of turpentine. Apply carefully with a paint brush, taking especial pains not to discolor the wall where it joins the floor. The color produced is a rich dark brown, which can be made yet of a deeper hue by the admixture of a little lamp black, stirred in until the desired shade is procured.

CANDIED ORANGES.—Choose fine sweet oranges. Peel and quarter them. Make a syrup of one pound of sugar to a pint of water and let it boil until it comes to the candying point. Dip the oranges into this candied syrup, and place them on a sieve to drain. Put this sieve over a large flat dish which will catch the dripping syrup, and let the oranges remain so in a warm place until the candied syrup upon them is dry and crystallized. Heap them up as tastefully and fancifully as you choose upon a pretty glass or china dish, and they make an elegant addition to the dessert or supper table

HUNG BEEF.—Choose a piece of beef with as little bone as possible (the flank is the best) sprinkle it and let it drain a day; then rub it with salt and saltpetre, but only a small proportion of the latter, and you may add a few grains of cochineal, all in fine powder. Rub the pickle every day in the meat for a week, then only turn it. It will be excellent in eight days. In sixteen days drain it from the pickle and let it be smoked at the oven's mouth when heated with wood, or send it to the baker's. A few days will smoke it. A little of the coarsest sugar may be added to the salt. It eats well, boiled tender, with greens or carrots.

CARE OF THE FEET.—To keep these extremities warm is to effect an influence against the almost interminable list of disorders which spring out of a "slight cold." First, never to be tightly shod. Boots or shoes when they fit closely, press against the foot, and prevent the free circulation of the blood. When, on the contrary, they do not embrace the feet too tightly, the blood gets fair play, and the space left between the leather and the stocking is filled with a comfortable supply of warm air. The second rule is, never sit in damp shoes. It is often imagined, that unless they are positively wet, it is not necessary to change them while the feet are at rest. This is a fallacy: for when the least dampness is absorbed into the sole, it is attracted further to the foot itself by its own heat, and thus perspiration is dangerously checked. Any person may prove this by trying the experiment of neglecting the rule, and his feet will become cold and damp after a few moments, but on taking off the shoe and warming it, it will appear quite dry.

RUSKS.—Rusks require a longer time for rising than ordinary rolls or biscuits. If you wish them for tea one evening, you must make all your preparations and begin them the day before. In cold weather to make up two quarts and a half of flour prepare early in the afternoon a sponge in this manner: Mix into a paste with one pint of boiling water two table spoonfuls of sugar, two of flour, and two large Irish potatoes, boiled and mashed smooth. At seven in the evening make up your dough with this sponge, adding three well-beaten eggs, three-quarters of a pound of sugar and half a pint of fresh milk. Set it away in a covered vessel, leaving plenty of room for it to swell. Next morning after breakfast work into the risen dough, which should not be stiff, a quarter of a pound of butter and lard mixed. Make into rolls or biscuits, and let the dough rise for the second time. Flavor with two grated nutmegs or half an ounce of pounded stick cinnamon. When very light bake in a quick, steady oven till of a pretty brown color; glaze with the yolk of an egg, and sprinkle lightly with powdered white sugar.

TO CHOOSE PORK.—This meat is so proverbially, and even dangerously, unwholesome when ill fed, or in any degree diseased, that its quality should be closely examined before it is purchased. When not home fattened, it should be bought, if possible, of some respectable farmer, unless the butcher who supplies it can be perfectly relied on. Both the fat and lean should be very white, and the latter finely grained; the rind should be thin, smooth, and cool to the touch; if it be clammy, the pork is stale, and should be at once rejected; it ought also to be scrupulously avoided when the fat, instead of being quite clear of all blemish, is full of small kernels, which are indicative of disease. The manner of cutting up the pork varies in different countries, and also according to the purposes for which it is intended. The legs are either made into hams, or slightly salted for a few days, and boiled; they are also sometimes roasted when the pork is not large or coarse, with a savory forcemeat inserted between the skin and flesh of the knuckle. The part of the shoulder called the hand is also pickled in the same way as hams and bacon, or it may be salted and boiled, but it is too sinewy for roasting. After these and the head have been taken off, the remainder, without further division than being split down the back, may be converted into whole sides, or flitches, of bacon; but when the meat is large, and required in part for various other purposes, a chine may be taken out, and the fat pared off the bones of the ribs and loins for bacon; the thin part of the body converted into pickled pork, and the rib and other bones roasted, or made into pies and sausages. The feet are generally salted down for immediate use. The loins of the young and delicate pork are roasted with the skin on; and this is scored in regular stripes of about a quarter of an inch wide with the point of a sharp knife, before the joints are laid to the fire. The skin of the leg also is cut through in the same manner. This is done to prevent its blistering, and to render it more easy to carve, as the skin (or crackling) becomes so crisp and hard in the cooking, that it is otherwise sometimes difficult to divide it. To be at any time fit for table, pork must be perfectly sweet, and thoroughly cooked; great attention also should be given to it when it is in pickle, for if any part of it be long exposed to the air, without being turned into, or well and frequently basted with, the brine, it will often become tainted during the process of curing it.

As Surely and as Briskly as the trout spring to the fly in the stream, do the imitators snap at excellence. Imitation is, in fact, prima proof of the superiority in the article. And it is the ambition of the imitators to get as near as possible, even at the risk of getting their worthless carcasses between the walls of a prison cell for their arrant knavery. The fame acquired by DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER, its universal use as a popular and innocent cosmetic, has stirred up the avarice of bold counterfeiters to imitate the original under the name of Creme Orientale, the name of GOURAUD'S CREAM, Frenchified. Buy only of well known, respectable houses, and especially of DR. GOURAUD, at depot, 48 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1921
FOUNDED AUG 4 A.D. MDCCXXI

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

With Premiums.

For $2.50, the POST one year and Mounted Chromo, "De Soto and the Discovery of the Mississippi."

For $2.25, the POST one year and Unmounted Chromo.

For $1.50, the POST 6 months and Mounted Chromo.

For $1.25, the POST six months and Unmounted Chromo.

Without Premiums.

For $2.00, the POST for One Year.

For $1.00, the POST Six Months.

CLUB RATES.

Four Copies, one year, $7.00.

Six Copies, one year, $10.00.

Ten Copies, one year, $15.00.

Twenty Copies, one year, $25.00.

An extra copy free to any one getting up a club of ten or more.

Subscriptions can begin or additions be made to clubs at any time.

In all the above cases, postage will be paid by the publishers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Payable in Advance.

Fifty cents per line of space, Agate measurement, for each insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES, 75 cents per line.

READING NOTICES, $1.00 per line.

Address all orders and make all drafts payable to BENNETT & FITCH,
726 SANSOM STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 11, 1876.

WHY SO MANY DEFAULTERS?

The records of the past few years are black with exposure of dishonesty. An epidemic of stealing seems to have swept through every grade of society. The counting room, the government office and the very churches have been visited. So widespread has the evil grown that the foundations of public confidence have been shaken. Men have been willing to exclaim with David, "All men are liars," and losing faith in the honesty of others, many have naturally had their own integrity weakened, if not overcome.

Unquestionably a check has been administered. Disclosure, disgrace and punishment have exerted some repressing influence, and we may look for at least a respite from the disastrous flood of corruption. It is well to note the causes which worked this evil in the past, and guard against their becoming active in the future.

We name three, believed to be chief among the influences leading to malfeasance: cupidity, carelessness, and "cussedness." This last, expressive though inelegant word, is the least potent influence of the three, in producing criminals. There are a few individuals born to steal. Descended perhaps from a line of thieving ancestors, the propensity has become fixed in the blood, like a kink in the hair, or a twist in a limb. Such aptitude may lie dormant a generation or two and then break out in some "first family," who have themselves lived blameless lives, but whose boy or girl, tainted with blood of the ancient stock, begins early and continues through life a "kleptomaniac." Such a disposition may remain dormant in an individual for years until strong temptation awakens it, and then like a morbid appetite it seeks and will find indulgence, unless previous education has been strong enough to overcome it. Cases of kleptomania, however, are comparatively scarce, and account for very few of the frauds by which the community has been so often startled.

Carelessness is prolific of this form of crime. Extended and intricate business transactions, involving hundreds of thousands of dollars daily, are entrusted almost wholly to the care of subordinates, often to young, thoughtless, or inefficient clerks, over whom there is exercised very slight supervision, and without any system by which fraud might be at once detected. It is possible, or should be, for a merchant to know daily if his balances are all right. The clerk should know that any irregularity will at once record itself, and that the watchful scrutiny of the owner is alert to detect it. It will serve as an alarm-sounder to help his conscience when temptation offers. There are thousands of men in business who cannot tell to-day how they stand, or whether they are being faithfully served or systematically robbed. The sudden death or departure of a cashier has often revealed a concern bankrupted through his fraud. Don't tempt employes by your own carelessness.

Cupidity is the strongest moving force in this unhappy business. Not wholly the cupidity of the clerk who steals. Too often he is educated to it by the cupidity of his master. His salary is not based on the value of service rendered, but on the necessities which compel him to accept and retain a situation. His advancement too often depends, not on his faithfulness, but on what some other house will offer him. The young man is stung with a sense of injustice, feels that his employer is robbing him, and concludes that it is little more than fair that he should rob his employer in turn, whenever he can do so without risk of detection. One of the railroad corporations of New York paid a premium on dishonesty of conductors by leaving it to be openly understood that their lack of wages was to be made up by "knocking down" (stealing). The clerk's morals are further corrupted by the knowledge of the way in which many men swindle their customers, and come to think it little harm to steal what was first stolen, and so the demoralizing work goes on. Some such men are called to high places; great opportunities dazzle and great ruin results. He who would best protect himself must strive himself by example to be a protection to others; restraining his own cupidity, he will best help to overcome the cupidity of others.

OVERPAYING THE DEVIL.

"Give the Devil his due," most certainly. It would be the meanest kind of cheating to swindle one who has so few professed friends even among his many followers. So that when Simon Skinflint, who has vigorously served his master for many long years, building up a gilded reputation with the gold of ruined victims, would bribe the church to enroll him among the saints by magnificent bequests, out upon him! Give the Devil his due; such characters as Simon are not much to give, and the old fellow should not be thus cheated.

But there is no need to overpay his Satanic majesty. His income is sufficiently large for his own good, notwithstanding the tricks of trade attempted to be played on him. It is worthy consideration by expert theologians who have studied his character, resources and doings, whether a starving diet would not tend to his reformation. It has a wondrous effect on human monsters and other wild beasts. We leave them to discuss the matter and suggest how to stop his rations.

In olden times, the Devil was sadly overpaid. To him was handed over all that was dark and mysterious, all that was threatening or dangerous; every thing that seemed to work ill to mankind was supposed to be his by so sure a title that few disputed the claim. He owned, supposably, the eclipses, the thunder and lightning, hurricanes, and tempests, the pestilences, the comets, the wild beasts, and the wilder ghosts and hobgoblins that roamed in the darkness. To be sure these were not of themselves particularly valuable. He might, it is true, amuse himself with swinging comets about through the sky, and popping thunder at the frightened children of men, but would finally tire of such gigantic fun. But with these in his his possession he secured the fears and the mastery of men, supposed to be the darling object of his heart.

By-and-by science stripped him of these possessions. The astronomers took away his comets, Franklin tied a string to his lightning and gave it to men for a servant of all work, and physiologists robbed him of small-pox, yellow fever and cholera, and as is always the case with those of fallen fortunes, his greatness is rapidly passing away with the loss of the possessions he so wrongfully held.

There are, however, many valuable prizes to be rescued from his hands, prizes which have been granted to him almost without questioning his title. When a boy turns out badly, or a man of unsuspected integrity is revealed as a defaulter, the Devil is quite too apt to get the reputation of achieving his ruin, and the victim is very easily also wholly passed over to his further tender mercies. There is a splendid opportunity here for some man to make his name a shining rebuke and a heavenly glory as "The Ruined Man's Friend." Bad training, bad management, unhealthy financial times, did the work credited to the Devil, but even if he be permitted theologically to enjoy his triumph, we can't afford to let him have our sons and brothers. We give him more than his due when we permit any unfortunate, and criminals are most unfortunate of all, to fall into his clutches. Jail-bars will not secure them from him—he revels in prisons—a mother's arms, a sister's love, a father's sheltering care, a friend's open, kindly, forbearing, sympathizing yet steady hand are true bulwarks for shelter. When these shall become universal, so small an income will be derived by this hitherto surfeited monarch, that he will retire from this world in disgust.

THE NATURE OF LOVE.

Self offering is the central vital element and the touchstone of love. Whatever fires may stir the heart, if there does not appear an unhesitating, spontaneous outgoing of self, a desire to bestow what one has and is upon the object, and to secure its happiness, the passion is not love, however well it may simulate it, or however ardently it may burn.

There is too much which passes for love, and which unfortunately secures many of its privileges, which is really only selfishness. Beauty, character, possessions may awaken admiration, induce homage and kindle intense passion to possess the object which offers the attractions, and yet fail to evoke that royal power of the soul which, while it may indeed desire to gain, loses sight of it in its eagerness to bestow, or hopes to win in order that it may more fully bless. Such counterfeit of love may even deceive him who feels it. He may declare truthfully that his existence seems bound up in the pursuit and acquisition of the desired object; but once gained, and the selfish desire gratified, there is nothing left to renew the flame; heat and light depart together, and blackened hopes and the ashes of disappointment remain.

Where the true fire burns, and the nobler part of one's self is developed, the whole soul feels its elevating power. Imagination is quickened, and life is filled with new impulses; meanness slinks away abashed at the glorious presence; new forces nerve the will, character strengthens, the rougher elements are refined, and the man takes a higher place in the order of being. Such love grows by exercise, and does not weary with its object.

Apparent self-sacrifice may be required of one who truly loves, but it is only apparent; the compensation is far beyond the seeming loss. The mother who devotes her life for her child finds strength, solace, and the highest happiness in the seeming sacrifice. Thus love brings joy out of sorrow, overcomes disaster, and conquers death.

The full flow of such love seldom is manifested in weak humanity. It was shown in all its glory in Him who gave Himself for men. Yet in its smallest measure it shows its power, makes friendship golden, exalts the name of brother and sister, sheds a halo around the brow of the mother, and brings much of Eden to the two souls who, truly loving, give themselves to and for each other. Faith, hope, love may all abide, but the greatest of these is love.

THE ABSENT.

BY WILMER H. JOHNSON.

As stars, the vigilants of night,
Resign their posts at dawn of day;
As Summer songsters take their flight,
When Summer hours have passed away;
As fair and fragrant flow'rets fold
Their dewy cups when day is o'er,
So from our fond and gentle hold
Pure spirits seek the heavenly shore.

But not as stars each even burn,
And birds come back to glade and glen,
And flow'rets ope, at day's return,
Do our beloved ones come again.
Adieu, fond hearts! the funeral pall,
The breaking heart, the burning tear,
Are but the common lot of all
Who make their habitation here!

THE FRIEND OF THE HERO.

CHAPTER III.

"SMOOTH RUNS THE WATER WHERE THE BROOK IS DEEP."

The days went slowly by, and the two friends did not leave the farm by the river. They had not refused to send for their luggage, and, after all, the place was a good central point for lovers of the Thames. Thus it happened that a great change came over the family, who were converted with wonderful ease to Orlando's theory of life. Mr. Dorian took a holiday. He had read "Wilhelm Meister" when a boy, and there was a half-choked spring of romance beneath his ample waistcoat. He was now suddenly possessed by a conviction that wisdom was to be imbibed with air, and that health and happiness were incompatible with a shirt-collar. He began to row with tremendous energy, to lead his family to distant spots, and to wonder in the solitude of his own room why exercise made him stouter. In the school-room lessons were forgotten. Jo added a stupendous chapter, in which was related the tragic story of Miss Tubb's attachment to a bargeman, by whose side the Farnese Hercules was a puny whipster; and Miss Tubb herself, after many fears of possible improprieties, invested secretly in a little manual of training. The headlong zeal and superb example of Orlando inspired the community. Early rising, though cynically regarded by the servants, became a custom; and to greet the rising sun with a shout, assumed the character of a religious observance. To ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth, seemed once more the whole duty of man, and the hardy Norseman found a home upon the gentlest of rivers. The courage of the men was matched by the endurance of the women, who made an exercise of hair brushing, and scorned to shriek at the split point of a hair-pin. Simplicity was the fashion, and practically Lotty manipulated her bed with so much dexterity, that she could almost lie in it as she had made it. All things began to be viewed with the eye of the athlete. It was observed for the first time that the butler was beginning to stoop, and it was suggested that he should for the future carry the tray of coffee-cups on his head. Miss Tubb fell into feeble ecstasies over the wing-muscles of the birds, whom she had previously regarded with merely sentimental interest as feathered songsters of the grove; and the very sunlight, which had been little more than a caress, gained new interest as a tremendous species of force. Thomas alone was cold. He congratulated his friend somewhat dismally on his successful preaching of the brutal life.

"Brutal life!" cried Orlando; "I wonder that you can use such coarse expressions."

"Why, it was your own word," said the other, staring.

"Say simple life, or Greek, Homeric, heroic," said the prophet, whose voice grew louder with each epithet. Thomas smiled as he recognized the refining influence of the despised sex. He was acquiring the habit of smiling sadly. He took part in the common occupations, but often moved away in solitude. Sometimes he was discontented among the eager crowd, and having left them, was more discontented still. He hovered on the borders, hearing little and imagining much, half actor, half spectator, as comfortable as a hypochondriac jammed in a draughty doorway. One eye observes the sweet, treacherous moonlight without, the other a warm, wide sofa within, but the draught on the neck is undeniable. So was Thomas dissatisfied with the world and with himself, as he had interpreted the words and actions around him according to his theory of the situation, his tale of the hero who saved the lovely woman from the water. So, too, it happened that when Miss Dorian, who preserved a becoming moderation even in this new life, came, as she often did, to ask his advice about some book, or some subject for the pencil, he was infinitely touched by so much thoughtfulness and courtesy, and made great efforts not to damp her joy. At her request he read to her in his most dulcet tones, but stopped at the bottom of every page to make sure that she was not bored. He received her kindness with diffidence, and perplexed her by smiles which were at once pathetic and intelligent.

"I can't understand your friend," Miss Jeanie said one day to Orlando, who had been telling her anecdotes about him. "He seems to be always thanking me, and forgiving me at the same time, and both for nothing." Orlando laughed, and declared Thomas to be a preposterous but delightful person, deeply tainted by mediævalism and incapable of classical simplicity; and so, shouting a sonorous line of Homer, he betook himself to his hollow boat.

"You think us very foolish," said Miss Jeanie to Mr. Thomas, with a little nod of decision, as he drew near with a book under his arm.

"No, indeed I don't," he answered eagerly. "I envy you, and—and think you wonderful. You keep the whole thing straight, and yet you don't offend the enthusiasts."

"It is fun, if it is silly."

"But it is not silly. I know you think me a prig, and I daresay I am. Orlando is a much finer fellow. I envy him, and——"

Here he strode off, and thought within himself how he envied his friend the chance of a fine deed and the favor of a fair lady. He thought he would give much for the opportunity of risking his life. As they talked, they had strolled toward the farmyard, and the young man's gloomy thoughts were interrupted by a cry of the maiden. Was it possible that his chance had come? He looked quickly at her face, followed the direction of her eyes, and saw the turkey-cock. He could not be mistaken: it certainly was not a bull. Yet, bird as he was, he knew the one weak point in Miss Dorian's character. He stood terrific, in ruffled plumes as the fretful porcupine, scratching the dust with stiffened wings, blushing ever more fiercely red about his chaotic countenance, and sounding notes of war, such as are heard when some apoplectic gentleman gulps thick soup at a railway station, and the bell clangs, and the light porters are hustled together.

"Don't turn," cried Jeanie; "he will fly at our backs; oh, pray, go first."

Thomas stepped forward, but there was bitterness in his soul. He had no stick; so he pushed his foot somewhat clumsily at his opponent, and said, "Get out!" The bird gave way a few inches, threatening war, Jeanie slipped quickly by, and the young man followed her. He could not run, but he was conscious that the fowl was close at his heels; he was therefore obliged to proceed in a crab-like manner, now and then pushing foot out sidewise at the pursuer, and well aware that the action was far from graceful. In this way he drew near to the farmyard gate, and was aware of Jo shaking on the top bar, and stifling her laughter at the risk of her life. Had that turkey been a bull, Thomas had rent him with his bare hands. However, he was only a turkey.

Miss Jeanie, when on the safe side of the gate, was ashamed of her fears, and inclined to be angry with Jo for laughing at her defender. Indeed, so vexed was she, that she straightway remembered that music was too important a thing to be neglected, and marched off her youngest sister to the piano.

Thomas, as he lay under a tree and stared at his book, was soon marching to marches which quickened unexpectedly, waltzing to tunes which whirled him in all sorts of circles, and polking to others, which, breaking off suddenly, left him with one leg in the air. He had a sensitive ear, which rebelled at Jo's playing, and he wondered at the virtue which kept Miss Dorian near the instrument. At last the music came to an end, and the musicians leapt through the window like an india-rubber ball, and vanished in the shrubbery. Thomas turned to look at the house, but her sister did not follow her. Then he fixed his eye sternly on his book, and made up his mind to become absorbed in constitutional history. After some time he found himself repeating with a frown the "Witanagemot," and wondering whether his hostess looked better by daylight or candle-light. Another half-hour had gone, when he awoke to the fact that he had not turned a page. A minute insect was busily surveying the word "Witanagemot," which still stared the reader in the face; but the reader's thoughts had wandered thence to the House of Lords, thence to the Eastern question, thence by an easy transition to the farmyard. If but for one short hour that bird had been a bull!

When Thomas had closed his book in despair, he saw that the sun was already low in the sky. From the new order of things dinner had disappeared, and supper, a charming institution in the country in summer, had taken its place. It was growing late. The young man was turning towards the house when he felt a light, fluttering touch on his arm, and looking down beheld Miss Tubb, terrified by her own audacity.

"Pray excuse me," she gasped, glancing nervously round in her great fear of her youngest charge. "I daresay I am very foolish——"

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Oh, I daresay. It is nothing—only my fears;" and Miss Tubb showed wavering signs of drifting away.

"What is it?" asked Thomas.

"Oh, only Miss Dorian."

"What?" cried the young man, so sharply that the governess gave a convulsive leap, and remained quivering as though she would melt into air. He put out his hand to support and detain her.

"Only your friend Orlando—I mean Mr. ——"

"Orlando!" cried he, and again the governess jumped.

"He came," she went on trembling and in a great hurry—"he came, and I was sitting behind the copper-beech, and said something about its being all ready, and having brought the boat to the steps, and——"

"But why did you say that?"

"I didn't say anything. I couldn't think what to say till afterwards. I did say 'Ahem!' but they didn't hear me."

"They! Who?"

"Why, Mr. Orlando and Jeanie—Miss Dorian," said Miss Tubb, mildly exasperated.

"Orlando and Miss Dorian!" repeated Thomas, with a sensation of sinking.

"Yes. He said that the boat was ready; and she asked if something was safe; and he only laughed, and then she said that she was not afraid with him."

"She was not afraid with him!" echoed Thomas again.

"Yes; and I think they are just going. And it is so late for the water; and I am so frightened: though of course it is nothing; and I hope you will excuse me."

Thomas made no answer. An awful suspicion was taking shape in his mind. Was this to be the end of the romance? What might not his wild friend attempt? Was he playing the barbaric Norseman or the Homeric hero? Would he snatch a maiden from the hearth? And she had said that she was not afraid with him. With himself she had trembled before a turkey-cock.

Trifles light as air came thick upon him, as he assured Miss Tubb that it was nothing; and his heart beat quick as he darted to the landing-place. He was too late, and he saw them travelling down the stream. He shouted, and Orlando, as he answered, seemed to quicken his stroke. He looked for the Dorians' gig, but it was not in its place. He was sure that he had divined the truth. It was the necessary end of the story. He trusted his fancy as an inspiration. As he started down the river, Mr. Dorian came gliding down in his boat from above. "Come in," cried the elderly athlete, cheerily; "take the other sculls and get an appetite for supper."

"All right; quick; down stream!" cried Thomas, as he stepped in. With a great effort he kept his awful suspicion to himself. He would spare this new Lord Ullin as long as possible. "Orlando is just ahead," he said, "let us try to catch him—just for fun, you know."

"You are hurrying the stroke," said Mr. Dorian, who prided himself on his Oxford swing. The younger oarsman was sculling his strongest with his head over his left shoulder.

"Quicker!" he cried, "or we shall be shut out of locks."

"Steady," said Mr. Dorian, making gallant efforts as became his character of athlete, and growing hot with the ardor of the race. They were flying along, when Thomas gave a sudden cry and stopped in amazement.

"What is it?" gasped the veteran, as his sculls rattled against his friend's.

"They are going down the weir stream." Mr. Dorian felt a glow. Wealth was a little thing; the responsibility of the father of a family was nought; all his youth rose from the depths of his being, and flashed from his lips in the words, "If he shoots the weir, we will too. Come on."

Thomas replied by a stroke, and the boat leapt forward. He saw that it was their only chance of hindering this folly. The runaway match must be stopped, even if it spoiled the story. On flew the boat, and crossing the end of the lock-cut, swept through the gathering shadows towards the rapids. They had gained on the fugitives, and Thomas, looking round, could see Miss Jeanie sitting upright and guiding the boat steadily to the open part of the weir. In an instant it flashed from his sight.

"Sit firm," said he, in a low voice. As he spoke, he felt an unexpected current catch the boat and sweep in towards the stakes. He rowed fiercely with his right hand, and wrenched the bows round to the open space. They were clear of the wood-work, but the rushing stream hurled them on before their craft was straight. She seemed to pause on the brink, then jumped like a horse; and Thomas felt a cold wave on his back, as she righted herself with a convulsive effort below. Clear above the rush of the rapids rang the inextinguishable laughter of Orlando. Thomas was dumb with amazement. Close beside him was the classic robber resting harmless on his sculls, and the hapless maiden was radiant with excitement.

"Oh, papa," she said, "how could you be so rash?"

"Dear me! What are you doing here?" asked her father, surprised.

"But why did you stop? I mean, what did you do it for?" asked Thomas.

"For fun," said Orlando; "we have been discussing it for the last week."

Thomas said no more. He was silent while they went through locks, and even when the veteran spoke of supper. He sculled mechanically, and wondered why his life was a tissue of delusive excitements, and why, if the world of romance was a fool's paradise, it was always his lot to be the fool.

"Wrong as usual," he muttered, as he tied up the boat, and as his eye caught the flutter of a gown he added, "Thank Heaven." It was clear that the tale must find some other end.

CHAPTER IV.

"For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love."

The impressionable Thomas did not sleep well after the shooting of the weir. He was abroad early, saw the mist rise slowly from the river, and felt the chill air of dawn. As he walked briskly towards the house, Orlando stepped through a window with a great towel flung across his shoulder, seized him, and carried him off for a dip.

"Look here," said the young hero as they went towards the bath-house; "I must go away to-day."

"Go away?" echoed Thomas, blankly.

"You can stay, of course," said the other, laughing.

"But why do you go?"

"The complicated nineteenth century has intruded on me. My mother has sent for me."

"And you don't much mind going?" asked Thomas, with hesitation.

"Why should I mind?" asked his friend with a curious emphasis, as he pulled off his flannel shirt. Thomas sat meditating with his mouth open and a boot in his hand. Orlando laughed aloud, drew himself up, stretched his shapely arms above his head, leapt like a deer, and flashed like Leander into the cool stream. After a few minutes he was back again, brilliant, glowing, and joyous, shaking the drops from his close-cropped curls. Thomas was sorely puzzled. Certainly this strayed athlete belonged to a time when romance was not. This creature shouting, singing, and laughing in the fresh sunlight was no lover just summoned from the side of his mistress. And yet how pull a girl out of the water and not love her? He began to feel very sorry for Miss Jeanie, across whose quiet life this young Viking had gleamed, with his blue eyes and his careless heart. "Poor child," he murmured to himself again and again, surprised at the tenderness of his own pity. He could sympathize with her; there was a melancholy pleasure in the thought. At breakfast he was very uncomfortable. When his friend announced his approaching departure, he dared not raise his eyes, and yet he seemed to see the trouble in a sweet young face. As he was staring at his plate and feeling very hot, he heard her speaking in her usual tone and saying how sorry she was. He was lost in wonder at her modesty and self-control. He could not help looking at her, and he hoped that his glance expressed sympathy without giving offence; but she only thought that he wanted his tea.

"Must you go too?" she asked, as she handed his cup.

"No. Yes. I mean I think I had better go with Orlando."

"We shall be sorry to lose you both at once," said Mr. Dorian, looking curiously at the young man.

"I am afraid I should not be much good alone. I mean I shall be better away," and he gave an appealing look to Miss Jeanie. But that lady was inspecting the bottom of her cup with great earnestness. It was no part of her duty as hostess to press young men to stay. So breakfast passed with less than the usual gaiety, and Orlando having exhorted Mr. Dorian to try a pair of clubs, and advised Miss Tubb and her pupils to devote their whole minds to their shoulders, entered his boat. Miss Dorian was standing on the highest of the old steps with her crisp gown gathered carefully about her. "Thank you a thousand times," he said as he pushed off, "for the most splendid fun." As he swung out into the stream, Thomas came running from the house. "Hi!" cried he; "stop! I am going with you."

"No, you are not," said Orlando, unable to row for laughter. Thomas was seriously annoyed. He was unable to see the humor of this school-boy trick. It was embarrassing to be left when the hero had gone out of the story. The romance was to end as some romances do, with a woman's sorrow and patience; and there was clearly no place for him. He humbly asked pardon of Miss Dorian, and promised to go away by train. He went gloomily into the house and sat down to Bradshaw; but as he found himself after half an hour's study, earnestly endeavoring to reach the Isle of Man, he abandoned the book and turned to packing. Having packed till he felt silly, he left the task to the footman, and went out to have a last look at the place. There was nobody about. Mr. Dorian had gone to town for the day. Miss Tubb was doing the elegant English hour with the Misses Letitia and Josephine. Playtime was over, and all the vitality of the place seemed to have gone with that frank young creature, who was far down the stream poised on extended sculls, and laughing to himself.

Thomas went round the lawn and through the shrubberies, visited the stable, where he cast an unfavorable glance at the ponies—and the farm, where he chucked a stone at the turkey-cock. Thence he sauntered into the country lane, and, strolling aimlessly onward, entered the path which leads up to the easy-sloping downs. The path passes through a wood of beech trees, which for the most part meet above it. On the left these trees are a mere belt, and Thomas stopped again and again to look with wonder on visions of sweet country framed in leaves. In some places the land sloped gently downward from the wood, and was heavy with upright wheat or barley glancing in the sun like a polished silver floor; in others it fell sharply away, and the gazer saw the country below like another world in which were no unquiet thoughts and longings. Sunlight lay broad and deep on all the land, and far away the blue-gray earth and gray-blue sky melted together as thought and dream. Thomas sighed as he saw below him the smoke rising straight from the hidden house. He was in a very sensitive mood, and some deep feeling of sympathy was stirred within him as he watched the brown path quiver with light and shade. He saw the sunlight tangled in the beech leaves, and started as a long shaft slipped through and touched his upturned face. He was alone, and yet about him was a presence and a power. He passed the old gate, which hung idle on its rusty hinges, and came out upon the open slope. A few yards from him Miss Dorian was seated, and, as she turned with a slight start, he saw a tear upon her cheek.

"I did not know you were here. I am afraid I startled you."

"On no; but I am so sorry that all the fun is over."

They both spoke very quick, as if eager to avoid all misunderstanding. An awkward pause followed, and then Thomas made a stupendous effort to say something pleasant.

"I wish I was Orlando," he said, "he is so free, and can come here whenever he likes—at least, I mean, whenever you like."

There was another interval of silence, and then she asked, rather coldly, "Are you so very busy?"

"I? Oh, well, I am rather. At least—but it doesn't matter. What a lovely view!"

"It is thought the best view of the house."

The young man looked for a few minutes, and after doubting whether he should say it, and deciding of course he must not, observed forthwith, in a spirit of bravado, "I almost wish I had never seen it."

He turned cold at the sound of his own words, but she did not demand an explanation. She only said "Thank you," with a strange smile.

"I should like to say good-bye here," he said, "and go away." She turned her head and looked across the country. "Good-bye," he said as he passed behind her, and having said it he saw her eyes. He shivered from head to foot, and turned cold. Clearly he was the victim of some horrible mockery. He walked towards the gate with an instinctive desire of flight. Then he wavered and turned back.

"Miss Dorian," he began, speaking very quickly, "it can't be—I can't think—you can't be sorry because I—no, no. You must forgive me for being such a puppy." She had risen and wanted to speak, but could only twist her glove. "Good-bye," he said again with a sort of sob, "and forget what a fool I have been." She could not speak, but she made a little movement as if to hold out the twisted glove. He seized both hand and glove. "Miss Dorian—Jeanie," he cried, and here his voice failed him.

An hour passed, and they were sitting on the hillside, and wondering at the beauty of the world.

"Jeanie," said he, "it will be an awful shock to your father."

"Not very great, I think," said she. "I almost think he suspected something."

"But I did not suspect myself. He does not know anything about me."

"Oh, yes, he does. Your friend talked of nothing but you."

"Did he talk of me?" asked he; and then added suddenly, "you don't mean to say that Orlando knew?"

"I can't say, but I think he guessed——"

"That I loved you. Oh, Jeanie, I believe that everybody knew except me. But what on earth made you like me?"

"I don't know," she said, and smiled.

"But it ought to have ended differently," he maintained, in an argumentative manner.

"What ought to have ended differently?"

"The story. You ought to care for the hero, and not for his friend."

His words were words of complaint, but as he looked across the peaceful land there was great contentment in his heart.

THE END.

CONVERSATION AT HOME.

We once knew a family where Shakspeare was read in character, as it were, and each member of the circle round the home table took a separate personage in the play. Readings of this kind would give a real basis for conversation. There is no reason in the world that good conversation should be so rare as it is; but, as every mistress of a drawing-room in America knows, good talk does not come by accident. We puzzle ourselves, as we listen to the ceaseless gabble of a girl on a "call," how any human being can have fallen into such vacuous imbecility; but the secret of it lies at home. A woman learns to dress, to dance, or to ride, but she picks up the art of conversation as she can. When the need for talk comes, she finds that conversation is just as difficult an art as that of riding, or dressing, or dancing. She is too plucky to give in, and too shy to hold her tongue; and so she plunges into a goose-like gabble. Men and women will only learn really to converse when conversation, in the true sense of the word, is familiar to them at home. But to converse—in other words, to find fresh subjects, and treat them freshly; to preserve a tone of lightness and ease without falling into frivolity; to know how to avoid mere discussion and controversy, and yet to deal with topics of real interest and value; to perceive when a theme is socially exhausted, and when the moment has come for a digression; how to check one member of the circle, or to draw out the other; how to give their proper place even to jest and repartee—all this is no easy matter. It requires forethought and trouble, and a little organization; but we can hardly conceive anything which would contribute in a higher degree to the happiness of an evening at home.

HOW TO TREAT CHILDREN.

Kindness is the lever by whose power the machinery of intellectual progress should be kept in motion. Approval following success is of far greater efficacy, as a stimulus to further efforts, than severity on failure. The little triumphs and successes of the young mind should never be indifferently passed over without a token of just and fitting praise from the parent's lips. The love of approbation is one of the strongest incentives to improvement and industry which the Creator has implanted in the human mind. In the child, this feeling is very predominant; and if disappointed of its justly-earned tribute, will be checked, and the child disheartened and mortified. Sir Joshua Reynolds relates that he owed his lasting fame and universal renown to the fond kiss of delighted approval bestowed on him by his mother, on his bringing her a rude production of his pencil, when quite a little boy. "This kiss," says the great artist, "made me a painter." Praise, then, when merited, should never be withheld. It is the chief, indeed generally the only, recompense to which children look; and it is a bitter and injudicious cruelty to deprive them of it. The approval and the censure of its parents and teachers should be the guiding stars of a child's existence. Of course, neither should be bestowed carelessly, or with partiality, so as to induce vanity, or, on the other hand, bitterness of feeling.

YESTERDAY.—The joys, the sorrows, and the trials of yesterday—all are past. We have filled another page in our life-book, and hasten on, perhaps, alas! only to blot the next with tears of regret for the deficiencies of its predecessor. But what we have written is unchangeable, "whether it be good or whether it be evil;" its effects will continue into eternity, and will determine our status in the future world. Then, while we still have the pen of life within our hold, should we not use it to record noble deeds, kindly words and thoughts, that our remaining yesterdays may be pleasant readings for the future.

OCTOBER DAYS.

BY OLIVE BELL.

Upon the hills around my home,
There rests a somber purple haze—
Forerunner of the chill and gloom
That ushers in the winter days.
The maples by the river side
Are gorgeous now with crimson tints,
While through the aspen's trembling leaves
The pallid sunlight shyly glints.

From spotted boughs of buttonwood
Leaves fall in lovely mottled showers,
And in the hillside's mossy nooks
There linger yet some summer flowers—
Frail, tender things, like human buds,
That shiver at October's breath,
And humbly wait, with drooping heads,
Thy summons, O, relentless Death!

Afar upon the hill top's crest
The sumach rears her scarlet spires,
And winter-vines around the oak
Grow crimson with autumnal fires.
The dusky cedar by the brook
Drops, one by one, his lawny cones,
And ring-doves, in the hawthorne bush,
Fill all the air with plaintive moans.

We glory in the gorgeous hills
The ripened bloom of summer weather;
And reverently our hands and heart
Are lifted up in prayer together—
That in our Father's own good time
A grand October eve or morning
May crown the autumn of our lives,
With e'en such glorious adorning.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 53. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHAT THE COWBOY COULD TELL.

After his interview with Cynthia Haggard, Captain Pentreath reasoned himself into an easier state of mind about his missing brother. His sanguine nature leaned towards the brighter view of the question. Oswald had been calm and resigned when he parted with the object of his fatal love; he had gone away to begin a new life, had cast off the fetters of passion, and gone forth a free man.

"I shall hear from him in due time. All will be well," said Arnold.

Having made up his mind deliberately to go on hoping—and indeed entertaining the conviction that the riddle of his brother's destiny would be solved in time—Arnold Pentreath considered it his duty to inspire Naomi with the same hopeful view. It afflicted him to see her pale, sad face, to watch her slow, listless movements. It became his most ardent desire to cheer and console her.

With this end he went very often to the minister's house, and sat in the quiet old parlor where Oswald had spent so many hours of his life, and talked to Naomi while she sewed. There was no one to object to his visits. Aunt Judith was in the shop; Joshua was away, no one knew whither. It was his habit now to come home wearied at night-fall, save on those evening when he had class-meetings, or Bible meetings, or some kind of service in his chapel.

Cynthia was gone, and Joshua had accounted briefly for her absence by stating that she had gone to see her friends at Penmoyle.

"You had better send her trunk on by the coach," said Joshua to Naomi.

"But why did she go so suddenly, father?" Naomi asked, puzzled by his disruption of the household.

"Because it was her whim to go, and it was not my pleasure to say her nay."

"Has she gone by the coach?"

"I suppose so."

"And when is she to come back?"

"When I please to bid her come."

Naomi sighed, and obeyed her father's order. Alas, for this change which made her father a person to be obeyed with fear and trembling, rather than with faith and love! Naomi had not forgiven Cynthia for all the misery she had wrought; but this sudden disappearance of her father's wife oppressed her with a sense of injustice and wrong done by Joshua. With what cruelty had he driven that meek and sorrowful offender away from him? His daughter had noted his conduct to his wife, and had seen his harshness, his coldness, his growing aversion—the chilling mask which passionate love put on when jealousy gnaws the heart.

Cynthia was gone, and Naomi's life was now quite lonely. She was glad of Arnold's visit, and took some comfort from his hopeful talk about the absent master of the Grange.

"He will come back to his home and to you, Naomi," said the Captain; "come back a new man, and an honest one, proud to redeem his faith."

"Were he to come back to-morrow I should give him a sister's loving welcome," answered Naomi, "but never more than a sister's love. He has broken my heart once—I won't let him break it again."

"But if he were honestly repentant and sincere, Naomi?"

"He might believe himself sincere. I could not trust him with my peace. Do not think that I am angry with him. I am only sorry that he should ever have been so mistaken as to believe in the reality of his love for me. He never knew what love meant till he gave his heart where it should not have been given."

"Well, Naomi, perhaps you are wise. The vessel that fails to answer to her helm in the hour of danger is hardly a ship to be trusted. Then we will think of Oswald as an absent brother only—and look forward hopefully to his return."

"God knows I try to hope for it," said Naomi, with a sigh.

"Why should he not be really your brother—brother in fact as well as in name?" pleaded Arnold, taking her unresisting hands. "Make him your brother, Naomi, by making me your husband. We have not known each other very long, but our mutual sorrow has brought us nearer together than years of common acquaintance could have done. Let me take my brother's place, dear; I shall never wander; my love shall know no change. It is founded on a rock—for it was my esteem for your noble nature which first taught me to love you."

Naomi withdrew her hands from his, and stood up, looking at him seriously with eyes full of tears.

"Never again let this be spoken of between us, Arnold," she said. "It can never be."

"Why not?"

"There is a reason which you must never know."

"But I am not to be satisfied like that, Naomi. There is no reason that I can recognize—unless you say you do not love me—can never teach yourself to love me."

"I will say that, then—I can never love you!"

"And your eyes are brimming with tears, and your lips tremble as you say the words. It is not true, Naomi; it is a lie, a lie against the might of love. You love me as I love you, and we were meant for each other, and for happiness. Why should you or I be miserable all our lives because a foolish young man has run away from felicity? Naomi, dearest love, make my life happy."

"You are good, and I honor you—like him, and my heart yearns towards you," answered the girl, falteringly—for it seemed to her at this moment as if the picture of a new life were suddenly unfolded before her eyes, and the vision was marvelously bright; "but I can never be more than your friend and sister."

"I see. You love the truant still. Did I not say so?"

"His memory is very dear to me."

Arnold said no more. Those eloquent eyes, tremulous lips, had told him that he was beloved, and yet this love was denied him. What was he to think? He was hardly inclined to despair, or to accept this answer as final. She had some mistaken notion of fidelity to a departed love, doubtless; she would sacrifice a lover in the present—a real and living lover—for the sake of that inconsistent lover in the past.

"Patience," thought Arnold. "I shall be able to talk her out of her folly sooner or later."

Meanwhile he was content to be accepted on the friendly and brotherly footing. He contrived to see Naomi very often. He found his way even into the Wilderness, that burial-ground of dead joys and bitter memories. He met her in all her walks. It was difficult for her not to think that her lost lover had come back to her with a nobler mind larger ideas. Here she found no languid indolence—no placid unconcern for the welfare of others, so long as summer skies were blue, and one could lie at ease under the beeches reading Byron. Arnold was full of care for the laborers on his patrimonial estate, full of sympathy and kindness for the struggling tenant-farmers and their industrious wives; for the young men who desired a little more enlightenment and education than their fathers had deemed needful for the fullness of life's measure. With Arnold, benevolent deeds were not castles in the air, Utopian schemes to be set on foot in some convenient hour of the future, but duties to be done at once, now while it was yet day.

Arnold was glad of so intelligent a sympathizer with his cares as steward of his brother's fortune. Naomi was always ready to help him with counsel and experience. She had visited among the laboring poor, and knew their needs and shortcomings—knew where disease found them weakest—how fever crept into their dwellings.

"I can't think what I should do without you," said Arnold; and it was a new happiness to Naomi to feel that she had been useful. Life at home was so empty and barren, her duties mechanically performed, her service unrecognized. The change in her father made the very atmosphere of home gloomy and oppressive.

Cynthia had been away nearly a month, and there had been no tidings from her. This seemed strange to all the household, but as Joshua expressed neither wonder nor anxiety, it was supposed that his wife's absence was understood and approved by him.

"Poor weak-minded mortal," sighed Aunt Judith, after discussing the question with her neice at that lonely tea-table; "the first time I saw that pink and white piece of prettiness step across the threshold, I knew what he was laying up for himself. A man of his years can't set his heart upon a wax doll without paying the penalty; above all, when it's a doll that has neither parents nor a good stock of house linen, nor decent bringing up. *I* knew what was coming," cried Aunt Judith, with a laugh of exultant irony, "and my only wonder is that things haven't turned out much worse."

"Poor thing!" sighed Naomi, thinking with some touch of compunction of the pale, sad face from which she had averted her eyes so coldly of late. "Do you think father sent her away?"

"If he did he'd have done no more than was right," said Aunt Judith. "And if he'd done it when I first tried to open his eyes about her, he'd have shown himself a wiser man. But whether she got tired of her life here and went off of her own free will, or whether your father sent her, matters very little to us. She's gone," concluded the spinster, decisively, "and I hope it's not unchristianlike to wish she may never come back."

Having put the idea of his brother's suicide out of his mind, Arnold had not attached any dark meaning to his interview with Cynthia. Her statement seemed to him natural and credible, and rather calculated to reassure than to alarm. Oswald had been calm and resigned. He had stated his intention of going to a new world to begin a new life. What ground was there for supposing that a man in his frame of mind had been so false to manhood as to take his own life? Arnold sent to an Exeter bookseller for the "Sorrows of Werther," and read the story carefully; but not being of so sentimental a turn as his brother, and not being in love with any other man's wife, he had found the reading rather a laborious business, and Werther a weak-minded youth, with a fatal habit of prosing about his own emotions.

"God forbid that my brother should ever follow the example of such a booby," said Arnold, when he had seen Werther laid in his unconsecrated grave, in the memorable blue coat and yellow waistcoat, with Charlotte's pink breast-knot in his pocket; "I should have as much contempt for his want of sense as regret for his want of religion."

Arnold had not yet gone to look at the spot where Oswald had parted from Mrs. Haggard. He remembered the scene well enough in days gone by: the lonely common, with its hillocks and hollows and marshy spots, over which the swift-winged plover skimmed lightly, vanishing with a shrill cry into the blue distance. The scene was so familiar to him that it had no special significance; it never struck him that just that one spot, of all others, that little bit of sunburnt common by the abandoned mine, might be fatal, that here yawns a natural grave, ready for the end of a tragedy.

He went up to an old farmhouse one afternoon to settle a question of roofing and thatching which had been for some time in discussion. It was the last house on the way to Matcherly Common, a house that stood on the edge of the wood, or almost in the wood. The latticed casements looked down a beechen glade. It was a place of silence and soft cool shadows, a welcome retreat on a summer's day like this on which Arnold rode over to settle matters with Farmer Weston about his granary roofs.

Herne had been made happy in a spacious stable where the good old white wagon-horses dozed over their hay and clover, and where the thud of a ponderous tail whisked round for the slaughter of a forest fly, and the slow munching of fodder, were the only sounds that broke the slumbrous stillness. Captain Pentreath had made his inspection of the premises, and was drinking a glass of Mrs. Weston's famous perry before departing, when the farmer mentioned a subject which always found Arnold an attentive listener.

"You haven't heard anything of your brother, I suppose, Captain?"

"Not a line. But I don't despair getting news of him before long. He's not been gone a twelvemonth yet, you see, Mr. Weston, and a year is a short time when a man has to cross the sea. He may have changed his mind about America, and gone to New South Wales, and that's half a year's voyage to begin with."

"That's where the convicts go, ain't it, Captain? The young Squire 'ud never go there, surely."

"There's no knowing how far a man may go when he's once made up his mind to turn rover," said Arnold cheerily.

"Ah," sighed the farmer, "this here world of ours be a strange 'un; there's things in it that puzzles my poor old wits, a'most as much as that theer thatch catching fire the day arter I refused Aunt Nancy the faggit."

There was a lurking significance in this remark that caught Arnold's attention.

"You have heard something about my brother?" he cried. "You can tell me something; for God's sake, keep nothing from me; it is a matter of life or death."

"The by's a truth-spoken by," said the farmer, "or I shouldn't ha' listened to un."

"What boy?"

"It isn't because a by earns his bit o' mate by minding cows that he hasn't got a soul to be saved," continued the farmer, as deliberately as if pursuing a philosophical argument; "and I can't say as ever I found out this here lad in a lie."

"Will you tell me what you mean, how this bears upon my brother?" cried Arnold, breathless with impatience.

"My wife and me have sat under Mr. Haggard for the last ten years. He was the first to tell us our souls were in danger, and he's gone on warning us ever since. 'Tain't likely I'm going to speak agen him."

"Speak plainly at anyrate," exclaimed Arnold, "if you mean anything. And from your manner it's clear you mean something. What has this boy of yours to do with my brother's fate?"

"It ain't what he has to do, but what he can tell. It was a hot summer day, you may remember, as the young Squire was last seen at Combhollow—harvest time, and regular harvest weather. This lad o' mine Tim, was out in the forest mindin' cows. But perhaps you'd rather hear it from the lad's own lips?" suggested the farmer.

"I don't care how I hear it, so long as I hear it quietly!"

"Well, I'll call the by; he's close handy, diggin' taties."

"Let's go to him," said Arnold, taking up his whip and gloves. The farmer wished to bring the boy to the parlor, as a mode of proceeding more consistent with the respect due to the landlord; but the Captain was too eager to endure ceremony. He hurried to the struggling old kitchen-garden at the back of the house, where ancient espaliers which had long outgrown their sustaining framework spread wide their arms against the blue June sky.

Here, digging up the smooth golden-skinned potatoes, they found the farmer's cowboy, a frank-looking, blue-eyed lad, over whose sunburnt forehead trickled the dew of toil.

"Now, lookye here, Tim," said the farmer; "I want 'ee to tell the Captain what it was you saw and heerd that day in Matcherly Wood, when th' young Squire passed 'ee by."

The boy wiped his forehead upon his shirt sleeve, shifted his spade from one hand to the other, and after some moments of obvious embarrassment found a voice.

"I were mindin' cattle in the forest, you see, sir, and theer were one cow wi' a white face; she were a new un that master had boughten' at Barnstaple last market-day, and she were strange, poor thing, and strayed away ever so far up towards the common; and I was goin' arter her, when who should I see but the minister on afore me, goin' right up to the common."

"Do you mean Mr. Haggard?"

"Surely. And he went on ahead o' me, till he come right out o' the wood, just wheer the old shaft be, and he looked about un a bit, when he got clear o' the trees, and then went into the engine house. I watched a bit, wonderin' what he were up to, and then I see un' standin' just inside the doorway, where there's a lot of fallen stones and rubbish, and tansy, growin' as tall as young trees, and he stood there lookin' out, yet keeping of himself hidden just as if he were watchin' for somebody. And just then I catched sight o' the white-faced cow, ever so far across the common, and I ran after her."

"Strange, warn't it?" said the farmer; "but there's more to tell."

"I cotched the old cow, and I was taking of her back to the wood, when I comes right up agen the young Squire. I was a bit skeered at seein' he, for I'd heerd tell as he were away from Combhollow. He didn't take no notice o' me, but went on, swingin' his stick round, and singing to hisself, soft-like. Well, I thowt no more about un, and I was here and theer with they cows, and they would stray up towards the common; though there warn't much but tansy for they to eat up theer; and I were up close to the common about an hour afterwards, when I heerd a shot fired, and then another, so close together they might 'a been one a'most."

A white blankness spread itself over Arnold's face—the vacant horror of despair. It was some moments before he could speak.

"You ran to see what those shots meant?" he cried.

"I couldn't tell wheer they come from, not for sartin; but I thowt it was somewheer near the old shaft, and I went up theer after a bit, but there was nowt to be seen, and no one about. I went into the engine house, but the minister was gone."

"Why has this been kept from me?" asked Arnold. "Why in heaven's name didn't you let me know this sooner, Mr. Weston? You know how anxious I have been about my brother."

"I only heerd of it t'other day, when I overheerd our Timothy talkin' to our Prudence, the dairy-maid. He was tellin' her about the shot."

"Don't you think it was your duty to have told your master, boy?" asked Arnold.

"I didn't think it was any harm. It might ha' been some one firing at a rabbit or a gull. There's plenty o' say-gulls flies across Matcherly Common."

"You saw no more, you heard no more?"

"No, there was nowt arter that. It were milkin' time and I had to take the cows home."

"Now look here, Weston," said Captain Pentreath, taking the farmer aside. "Those shots may mean nothing, or they may mean a great deal. I know my brother was up yonder, by the old shaft, that August day. I know he had an enemy, and was watched, and followed. I have no evidence that he was ever seen alive after that day. Till to-day I've hugged myself with the hope that he is living in some distant country, and that I shall hear of him in due time. I begin to think hope is a delusion, and that he never left this neighborhood. If he has been murdered, it is my business to bring his murderer to the gallows. But I must first find his murdered body. Will you help me? You've plenty of farm laborers in your service. Will you help me to search Matcherly Common, and the mine below it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To form an opinion of human nature from a perusal of history, is like judging of a fine city by its sewers and cesspools.

NEWS NOTES.

The President has issued a proclamation appointing Thursday, the 30th day of November, a day of thanksgiving.

Sitting Bull has again sent word that he is coming in and means to be friendly, but persists in his demand for ammunition.

Moody and Sankey continue to meet with great success in Chicago, three hundred conversions having been reported since Sunday.

The debt statement for the month of October shows a decrease in the public debt of the United States of nearly four millions of dollars.

The four year's sentence of Edward S. Stokes for shooting James Fisk, Jr., expired October 28, and he was released from Auburn Prison.

Smith & Wesson have received another order for 20,000 pistols for the Russian Government, making 130,000 for the same parties since the year 1871.

It is now announced that a large New England establishment has just received a contract for the manufacture of 600,000 shoes for the Russian army.

A panic in the Chinese Theatre at San Francisco, recently, caused by a false alarm of fire, resulted in the death of twenty persons, and the injuring of as many more.

The number of postal cards issued during the month of October, was 23,116,000, being an increase of 2,977,500, or nearly fifteen per cent. over the issue of October last year.

The Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company have recently added 200 new offices and over 2,000 miles of wire to their line, including one at each of the ferries in New York city.

The produce business has not proved successful this year in New York. There have been many failures, and a great number of dealers have retired from the business.

It is given out at Belgrade that the Porte has accepted an armistice of two months and ordered its army commanders to suspend hostilities, but the statement is unconfirmed.

The freshman classes at various colleges stand as follows: Harvard, 246; Cornell, 180; Yale, 150; Amherst, 83; Williams, 68; Dartmouth, 60; Oberlin, 52; Trinity, 35; Hamilton, 30; Tufts, 26.

Cadet Midshipmen Charles W. Garrett, of Indiana, and Frederick A. Woodworth, of California, have been dismissed from the Naval Academy for hazing. So far twelve have been dismissed for this offense.

In New Zealand there are 549 miles of railway open for traffic and 383 miles in progress. It is proposed to expend over $5,000,000 during the current year, chiefly in completing the works now in progress.

A battle was fought on the 31st ult., in which the Turks drove the Servians from Djunis after a crushing defeat. Tchernayeff's army is cut in two and completely demoralized. A great panic prevails at Belgrade.

The fishing season in Iceland has been quite a failure, and no less than 1800 Icelanders have emigrated to Canada, where they are establishing prosperous settlements at Manitoba. The privations of the laboring people are very great.

At the islands of St. Martin, St. Barts and Anguilla, much damage has been done by the recent gales. On shore, great havoc is reported, especially in the French quarter, as many as two hundred and fifteen houses having been destroyed in that part alone.

General Ignatieff, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, has been instructed to demand the Porte's acceptance within forty-eight hours, of an armistice and suspension of hostilities; otherwise diplomatic relations between Russia and Turkey will be broken off.

Thirteen whaling vessels of the Arctic whaling fleet, were caught by pack ice, eighteen miles from land, and abandoned by their crews. About sixty men are supposed to have been lost. One hundred and ninety of the survivors were taken to San Francisco, and about two hundred to the Sandwich Islands.

The number of convictions for murder in England has been greater in 1875 than in any preceding year, the exact figures being, since 1870, respectively, 44, 58, 60, and 63. Shooting, wounding, and stabbing have also increased, the number of convictions last year having been 897. Crimes against property, and pauperism are, however, steadily decreasing.

In the Bow Street Police Court, London, October 31st, Mr. Flowers, the presiding magistrate, after a careful summing up in the case of Slade, the American medium, prosecuted under the Vagrant act, sentenced the prisoner to the extreme penalty of the law for offences under that act, viz: "Three months confinement at hard labor in the House of Correction." Counsel for the defence gave notice of appeal, pending which Slade's previous bail was accepted.

A severe cyclone passed over the Central American States on the 3d and 4th instant. The town of Managua, in Nicaragua, was inundated on the 4th. About four hundred houses were blown down by the hurricane. The inhabitants had to climb up on top of their houses to prevent being washed away by the flood. Many were drowned by the houses falling. The total damage done is estimated to be about $2,000,000. The town of Blewfields, on the Mosquito coast, in Nicaragua, also experienced the hurricane. Over three hundred houses were blown down.

The Times, in its financial article, says: "Messrs. Ellison & Co., of Liverpool, cotton brokers, in their annual review of the cotton trade, make a calculation, based on figures and past experience, that Europe will next year require 2,241,000,000 pounds of cotton, or 5,002,500 bales. They estimate that the demand will exceed the supply by 145,000. If, however, Europe continues unsettled, the demand doubtless will be less, and the probable supply may exceed the estimate, as reports from the United States frequently do not give a fair idea of the actual state of facts at the outset of the season."

Captain Nares, commanding the English Arctic expedition, has sent a telegram to the Admiralty, containing the following particulars of the voyage: The Polar Sea is never navigable. The ordinary ice averages eighty feet in thickness. Animal life and the northerly migration of birds ends south of Cape Columbia. A memorial tablet was erected to Captain Hall, of the Polaris expedition, at Polaris Bay. The Esquimaux traces cease on the west shore, in the latitude of 81 deg. 53 min., whence they cross to Greenland. The impracticability of reaching the North Pole was proved. All the neighboring lands were examined. The telegram confirms all the details of the expedition transmitted to the United States. The expedition brought home a specimen of the wheat deposited by the American steamer, Polaris, while on her Arctic voyage.

EXHIBITION NOTES.

Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, has been notified by a number of the foreign exhibitors that they intend to present to that renowned institution their animal, vegetable and mineral exhibits, some of which are rare and valuable.

The statue of Witherspoon, which since its completion has remained at the works of Wood & Co., on Ridge Avenue, has been conveyed to the site of the monument on the Lansdowne drive in the Park, east of the Exhibition enclosure, and unveiled with appropriate ceremonies.

Captain Torrey says that if the machinery of the Bureau of Transportation and of the Terminal Agency work well and receive proper co-operation from the exhibitors, all exhibits to be removed from the Centennial enclosure will have been started for home before the 10th of December.

A woman came slowly along the Main Building. She was in great perplexity, but being a wise woman, she stopped to ask for information, and this is what she asked: "Can you tell me, sir, is this the other end of the building?" "I think it is." "Well, sir," she cried, "can you tell me where I shall go next?"

At the Centennial Exhibition, in the Main Building, is a seal finger ring, beautifully set with diamonds and pearls in a blue stone. This set is hinged to the ring, and when raised reveals, underneath, a watch with a dial as large as the head of a led pencil, and figures thereon so small as to make a magnifying glass a necessity to the wearer, if he cares to note how the hours fly.

The novel, old-fashioned-looking building near George's Hill, known as St. George's House, which is soon to be presented by her Majesty's Government to the city of Philadelphia, was one of the first of the foreign government buildings erected within the Centennial Grounds. It contains seventeen rooms; is two stories in height, with an old-style peaked roof, and, with the other quaint-looking structures destined to remain as permanent memorials of the Exhibition, will prove a highly desirable acquisition.

The poultry exhibition is in perfect order, all the entries having been installed, every coop carefully labelled, and a full catalogue of the exhibits ready for distribution. Fully 5000 birds are now on exhibition, besides over 1500 pigeons of various breeds. The display includes every known breed, from the diminutive bantam of only fourteen ounces to the largest Brahma of fourteen pounds. The judges have already commenced their work, and will, doubtless, be busily engaged until the close of the display.

A lot of antique Chinese goods, principally vases, from the private collection of Hu Kwang Yung, Minister of Finance, in China, have just been received in the Chinese section of the Main Building. These rare pieces are tinted with vermillion, ultramarine blue and gold, and are typical specimens of the ancient cloisonne ware, of which not over two hundred pieces exist, and they are all in the possession of the distinguished Chinaman. It is said that Mr. Yung is the richest and most celebrated dealer in fine wares in China, and that he has an immense collection of the rarest bronzes and other works of art in the Celestial Empire. The finest piece of cloisonne ware in the world is a large chess table in the Kensington Museum, in London. It is valued at $70,000. The Pennsylvania Museum has arranged for the purchase of several of the finest of the pieces now in the Chinese department of the Exhibition.

Most of the railroad companies in the United States having officially announced that they would "transport at regular rates all articles intended for exhibition at the International Exhibition of 1876, at Philadelphia, as well as all other articles forwarded by exhibitors for their own use, in connection with the Exhibition, and would return unsold articles free;" and it having been announced that "at the close of the Exhibition the Chief of the Bureau of Transportation will issue, when necessary, certificates showing what articles are unsold and are to be returned to the place of original shipment by the route over which transported to the Exhibition," exhibitors who expect to secure free return transportation for their goods must apply for such certificates at the office of the Bureau of Transportation, where proper blanks for the purpose will be issued to those exhibitors only who have furnished to the Chief of the Bureau of Transportation duplicate bills of lading or like evidence of being entitled to them, as required by Section 5 of Circular No. 142.

The various animal, vegetable and mineral products which have been presented by foreign Commissioners at the Centennial to the National Museum at Washington are now being numbered and catalogued, this work being in the hands of three assistants appointed by Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, under the supervision of Senor Albert Jacobsen, of Rio Janeiro, Brazil. The agricultural exhibits of Japan, the agricultural and mineral collections of Canada, Victoria, New South Wales, New Zealand, Spain and Portugal have already been presented to the United States Government for the National Museum, and the commissioners of nearly all the other Governments participating in the Exhibition have signified their intention of making similar contributions at the close of the Exhibition.

Much of the display made by Mr. Krupp, the steel manufacturer of Essen, Prussia, has also been presented to the Washington Museum, and arrangements for the removal and reception of all the collections are now being made. These additions to the Museum will require far more space than can immediately be provided, and temporary provision has been made at Washington by remodelling the old Army building on the Island. This structure is three stories high, very solidly built, and well adapted for the purpose.

The American Institute of Mining Engineers have been making arrangements for the establishment of a permanent museum of mineral and metallurgical products in a room of Memorial Hall, which has been placed at the disposal of the Institute by the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art. Among the most valuable collections already presented to the Institute, from the various departments of the Exhibition, are the following: Germany's entire collective exhibit of minerals, including maps, drawings, charts, etc., presented by the Imperial German Minister of Trade and Commerce; the Seigreland collective exhibit of iron ores, including the base of the Spiegel iron pyramid, in Machinery Hall; Boosig's exhibit, and that of the Luxemburg Mine and Soarbrucken Furnace Company, in Machinery Hall; the Fagersta Iron and Steel Company's exhibit in the Swedish section, including the Kirkaldy suite of test specimens; Whitwell's models of blast furnaces and hot-blast stoves in the English section; the Rockhill Coal and Iron Company's exhibit, and those of the Crescent Steel Works, of Pittsburg, and Cooper, Hewitt & Co., of New York. All collections, presented or loaned, will be arranged with every regard to their preservation.

REVIEWS.

Selections from Thomas A. Kempis' Imitation of Christ and Selections from the Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, are issued in the "Wisdom Series" by Roberts Bros., of Boston. As their titles indicate they furnish food for serious thoughts by the reflective. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The Theory of Sound in its Relation to Music, by Professor Pietro Blaserna, one of the well-known International Scientific Series, published by D. Appleton & Co.; New York. The object of the work is to point out the fundamental principles of music based on the laws of sound, as demonstrated by recent scientific research, and point out their applications. It will be of much value to professed musicians, and has also much interest for the general reader. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

Religion and the State, by Rev. Samuel T. Spear, D. D.; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. The various questions in which the State is concerned with religious matters, as the Public School Question, Religious Amendment of the Constitution, Taxation of Religious Corporations, etc., etc., are treated in an able manner and with the utmost courtesy and fairness. The author argues strongly for the entire separation of Church and State, and would allow the latter jurisdiction in religious matters only so far as is necessary to maintain entire religious freedom and the peace of community. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

The Adventures of Captain Mayo, A Phenician Expedition. Translated from the French of Leon Cahun; Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York. By narrating the supposed adventures of a Phenician mariner sent by Hiram King, of Tyre, to procure materials for decorating the new temple of King Solomon, the author endeavors to bring vividly before the reader the manners and customs of this ancient and powerful people who flourished one thousand years before Christ. The studies are from authentic records and give more of interest in this form than could be imparted by simple description. For sale by Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia.

ERRORS OF THE EDUCATED.

To expose the mistakes of contented ignorance is hopeless. There is no cure for these but a general improvement in education. There are, however, errors which well-instructed persons sometimes fall into, from mere habit or thoughtlessness. Such errors, like the "fears of the brave and follies of the wise," have only to be brought home to the consciousness of those who commit them to be discarded at once.

A very common mistake, even with good writers and speakers, is the substitution of *had* for *would*, before the adverbs *rather, sooner, better, lief*, and some others. "I had rather stay than go," instead of "I would rather." "I had as lief take one as the other," instead of "I would as lief." The origin of the error is evident enough. The two words *had* and *would* have the same contracted form when combined with a pronoun. "I'd rather" may be a contraction of either "I would rather," or "I had rather." This contracted form is that which we almost always use in common speech. Even when we are inclined to lengthen it, we rarely give the full pronunciation. We say "I'ud rather," leaving the verb doubtful to the listener's ear, and perhaps to ourselves. When driven to write it, we feel naturally inclined to take the shortest word, without much regard to the strict grammatical meaning of the phrase. That the expressions "I had rather" and "I had as lief" are incorrect, will be made evident by simply converting *rather* into its synonym *more willingly*, and *lief* into the corresponding *gladly*. Yet it must be admitted that these incorrect forms are warranted by such high authorities, from Shakspeare to some of the best writers of our own day, that they are entitled to be regarded, if not as established idioms, at least as tolerated soleciasms.

The confusion of *lay* with *lie*, and of *set* with *sit*, is among the most common errors of speech, though well-educated persons are usually able to avoid it in writing. Every one who is familiar with the idiom of our language knows, or ought to know, that *lay* and *set* are what are called transitive verbs, and that *lie* and *sit* are intransitive. In other words, the two former can take a noun after them in the objective case, and the two latter cannot. We say, "Lay the book down;" "Set the post up." To say, "Lie the book," or "Sit the post," would be rediculous. The error usually committed is in the opposite direction—the transitive verbs being used in an intransitive sense. Many persons, not deficient in education, would say, "Some of the children are laying on the grass, and the others are setting in the parlor." That the error prevails in the very highest circles of society and of scholarship cannot be doubted when we find it allowed to mar the effect of one of the finest verses in Byron's well-known apostrophe to the ocean:

"Man's steps are not upon thy paths; thy fields
Are not a spoil for him; thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashed him again to earth—there let him lay."

Next let us note the persistency with which many well-educated, as well as most uneducated, persons use the objective pronouns *me, her, him, them*, after the various tenses of the substantive verb *to be*, in spite of the injunctions of grammarians. The habit of saying "It is me," "It was him," instead of "It is I," is so universal and so fixed, that some modern writers on English philology have been disposed to regard it as allowable.

Possibly to the same cause we may ascribe the general disuse, in ordinary speech, of *whom* as the objective case of *who*. Instead of "the man whom I met," almost every one would say, "the man that I met;" or, more briefly, "the man I met." Both of these modes of expression are in accordance with grammatical rules. Not so is the equally common form of interrogation, "Who did you meet?" "Who were you speaking to?" Here *whom* would be correct, and yet would seem so stiff that many who know the right would yet pursue the wrong way deliberately. A little alteration of the phrase, in such a case, will often make it more satisfactory in every way; as, for example, "Who was the person you were speaking to?"

Misfortune and misconduct were born twins. Our faults are oft the parent of our woes, and he who most declaims at the world's frown, has generally done his best to earn it.

For a Worrying Cough, or any Throat or Lung Trouble, use at once Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

THE AUTUMN OF THE WORLD.

The last wan petals leave the rose,
The latest swallows plume for flight,
The summer's gone where no one knows,
With dead men's love, and spent year's light,
And warm hearts hurled out of sight.

Red roses are the crown of youth;
The warm light strikes on lovers' lips:
Laugh though, and fondle happy mouth,
And yet, remember, sweet time slips,
Death hurries on with fell eclipse.

So short, so sad! O, let not Death
Find only faded flowers and wine,
When, hungry for the joyous breath
That dreams not of the year's decline,
He lays his cold white mouth to thine.

Cling to the flying hours; and yet
Let one pure hope, one great desire,
Like song on dying lips be set,
That ere we fall in scattered fire,
Our hopes may lift the world's heart higher.

Here in the autumn month of Time,
Before the great new year can break,
Some little way our feet should climb,
Some little mark our wants should make
For liberty and manhood's sake.

Clear brain and sympathetic heart,
A spirit on flame with love for Man,
Hand swift to labor, slow to part—
If any good since time began,
The soul can fashion, such souls can.

And so when we are dead and past,
The undying world will some day reach
Its glorious hour of dawn at last,
And we across Time's sunken beach
May smile, one moment, each to each.

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[This story was commenced in No. 12, Vol. 33. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER IX.

ROSE-COLORED DREAMS.

Again Frank Raynor—and this time sorely against his will—sat at Mrs. St. Clare's brilliant dinner-table. He could see why she had made a great point at his coming; but one gentleman was present beside himself. In fact, there was only Frank in all Trennach to fall back upon. Dr. Raynor never dined out; the Rector pleaded ill-health. Most of the guests who had been staying in the house had left it this morning after their two night's sojourn; those remaining—General Sir Arthur, Lady, and Miss Beauchamp, and a young married woman, Mrs. Fox, were to leave on the morrow. It fell to Frank's lot to take in Lady Beauchamp; she it was who had expressed doubts of the stability of young ladies' hearts, if exposed to the attractions of Mr. Raynor. Margaret, as it chanced, sat on Frank's left hand; and Margaret, for the time being, was supremely happy.

"Are you better than you were on Tuesday night, Mr. Raynor?" she took occasion to ask him in a whisper, when there was a great buzz of conversation going on.

"Better? I was not ——" Not ill, Frank was going to respond in surprise, and then recollected himself. "Oh, thank you, yes, Margaret. I was rather out of sorts that night."

Mr. Raynor, what is this story about some man being lost?" asked Mrs. St. Clare, from the head of the table. "One of the miners, we hear, has disappeared mysteriously and cannot be found."

Frank's face flushed hotly, and he would have given the world to avoid the subject. But he could not; he had to relate the particulars.

"But where is it supposed that he can be, this Josiah Bell?" asked the General. "Where should you think he is, Mr. Raynor?"

Perhaps no one at the table, with the exception of Margaret, noticed that the young surgeon was somewhat agitated by the topic; that his breath seemed a little labored as he answered the repeated questions, and that his complexion changed from red to pale. Margaret silently wondered why the disappearance of a miner should affect *him*.

"Are there any old pits, used out and abandoned, that the man could have fallen into?" asked the sensible General.

A strangely dark flush now on Frank Raynor's face. A strange hesitation in his voice, as he replied.

"No'—not any—easy of access, I fancy, Sir Arthur."

"Well, the man must be somewhere, dead or alive. You say it is not at all thought that he would run away."

"Oh, no; his friends say he would not be likely to do that."

"He has a very beautiful daughter, has he not?" spoke Lydia to Frank, from the opposite side of the table.

"Yes, she is nice-looking."

"Nice-looking is not the word for it, Mr. Raynor—as we are told," persisted Lydia. "We hear she is strictly, faultlessly, beautiful. Fancy that, for the daughter of a common mining man!"

Miss St. Clare's tone seemed to savor of mockery—as her tones often did. Frank, straightforward himself and true-hearted to the core, answered rather warmly.

"The man has come down in life; he was not always a common miner; and Rosaline is superior in all ways to her station. She *is* very beautiful."

"You seem to know her well."

"Oh, very well," carelessly replied Frank.

"We should not have been likely to hear of the affair at all; of the man's disappearance, or that he had a daughter who was celebrated for her fine looks but for mamma's maid," said Lydia, more scornfully; for in truth she considered it a condescension even to speak of such people. "Tabitha has relatives in Trennach; she paid them a visit this morning, heard the news, and entertained us with it on her return."

"I should like to see this Rosaline," spoke Lady Beauchamp. "I am a passionate admirer of beauty. You do, by some rare chance, now and again, find it wonderfully developed in a girl of the lower classes."

"Well, it is to be hoped the poor man will be found all right," concluded Sir Arthur.

And, with that, the conversation turned to some other topic—to Frank's intense relief. But Margaret St. Clare still marveled at the interest he had betrayed; and she was fated to remember it, to her cost, in the time to come.

* * * * * * * *

The sweet spring sunshine lay upon Trennach, and upon Dr. Raynor's surgery. Francis Raynor stood in it, softly whistling. Two sovereigns lay on the square table, amidst the small scales and the drugs and the bottles, and he was looking down upon them in some doubt. He wanted to convey this money anonymously to a certain destination, and hardly knew how to accomplish it. Sovereigns were not at all plentiful with Frank; but he would, in his open-heartedness, have given away the last he possessed, and cast no regret after it.

"I know!" he suddenly cried, taking up a sheet of white paper. "I'll pack them up in an envelope and direct it to her, and get Gale the postman to deliver it on his round. Dame Bell is unsuspicious as the day, and will think the money is sent by Rosaline—as the last was. As to Gale?—oh, he is ready to do anything for me and Uncle Hugh, for doctoring his children for nothing. It's a shame he is paid so badly, poor fellow!"

Several weeks had gone on since the disappearance of Josiah Bell, and it was now close upon May. Bell had never returned; nothing could be heard of him. Mrs Bell knew not what to make of it; she was a calm-natured, unemotional woman, and she took the loss more easily than some wives might have taken it. Bell was missing; she could make neither more nor less of it than that; he might come back sometime, and she believed he *would*; meanwhile she tried to do the best she could without him. In losing him, she had lost the benefit of his good wages, and they had been the home's chief support. She possessed a very small income of her own, which she had received quarterly—and this had enabled them to live in a superior way to most of the other miners—but this was not sufficient to keep her of itself. A managing, practical woman, Mrs. Bell had at once looked out for some way of helping herself in the dilemma, and found it. She took in two of the unmarried miners to lodge, one of them being Andrew Float, and she began to knit worsted stockings for sale. "I shall get along till Bell returns," was her cheerful remark to the community.

Rosaline was at Falmouth—and meant to remain there. She wrote word that she was helping her aunt with her millinery business, was already a good hand at it, and received wages, which she intended to transmit to her mother. The first instalment—it was not much—had already come. Frank Raynor had just called Dame Bell unsuspicious as the day. She was so. But, one curious fact, in spite of the non-tendency to suspicion, was beginning to strike her; that in all the letters written by Rosaline, she had never once mentioned her father's name, or inquired whether he was found.

Frank Raynor, elastic Frank, had recovered his spirits. It was perhaps impossible that one of his light nature and sanguine temperament should long retain the impression left by the dreadful calamity of that fatal March night. Whatever the precise details of the occurrence had been, he had managed to shake off outwardly the weight they had thrown upon him, and in manner was himself again.

Perhaps one thing, that helped him very considerably to do this, was his changed opinion as to the amount of knowledge possessed by Blase Pellet. At first he had feared the man; feared what evil he might bring. But, as the days and weeks had gone on, and Blase Pellet did not speak, or give any hint to Trennach that he had aught in his power to betray, Frank grew to think that he really possessed it not; that though the man might vaguely suspect something wrong had occurred that night, he had not witnessed it, and was not actually cognisant of it. Therefore Frank Raynor had become in a measure his own light and genial self again. None could more bitterly regret the night's doings than he did; but his elastic temperament could throw off its signs; ay, and often its recollection.

The thing that troubled him a little was Mrs. Bell's position. It was through him she had been deprived of the chief means which had kept her home: therefore it was only just, as he looked upon it, that he should help her. Even with the profits from the two lodgers and the stockings, and with what Rosaline would be enabled to send, her weekly income would be very much smaller than it used to be. Frank wished with his whole heart that he could settle some money upon her, or make her a weekly allowance; but he was not rich enough for it. He would, however, help her a little now and again in secret—as much as he was able—and hence the destination of the two sovereigns. In secret. It would not do to let her or any one else know the money came from him, lest the question might be asked, "What claim has she upon you that you should send it?" To answer that truthfully would be singularly inconvenient.

Trennach in general could of course make no more of the disappearance of Bell than his wife made. It was simply not to be understood. Many and many an hour's discussion took place over it at the Golden Shaft, to the accompaniment of pipes and beer; many a theory was started. The man might be here, or he might be there; he might have strolled this way, or wandered that—but it all ended as it began; Bell was missing, and none of them could divine the cause. And the Seven Whistlers, that he heard on the Sunday night, or thought he heard, had certainly left no damage behind them for the miners. The men might just as well have been at work those three days, for all the accident that had occurred in the mines. Perhaps better.

Seated at the window of what was called the pink drawing-room at the Mount, from the color of its walls, were Mrs. St. Clare and her daughter Lydia. The large window, shaded by its lace curtains, stood open to the warm, bright day. Upon the lawn was Margaret in her white dress, flitting from flower to flower, gay as the early butterflies that sported in the sunshine. Lydia, a peculiar expression on her discontented face, watched her sister's movements.

Frank Raynor had just gone out from his daily visit, carrying with him an invitation to dine with them in the evening. Lydia was really better; she no more wanted the attendance of a doctor than her sister wanted it; but she was eaten up with ennui still, and the daily, or nearly daily, coming of Frank Raynor was the most welcome episode in her present life. She had learned to look for him; perhaps had learned in a very slight degree to *like* him; at any rate his presence was ever welcome. Not that Lydia would have suffered herself to entertain any serious thought of the young surgeon—because he was a surgeon, and therefore far beneath her notice in that way—but she did recognize the fascination of his companionship, and enjoyed it. Latterly, however, an idea had dawned upon her that somebody else enjoyed it also—her sister—and the suspicion was extremely unwelcome. Lydia was of an intensely jealous disposition. She would not for all the world have condescended to look upon Frank Raynor as a lover, but her jealousy was rising up, now that she suspected Daisy might be doing so, somewhat after the fashion of the dog-in-the-manger. That little chit, Daisy, too, whom she looked upon as a child!—there was some difference, she hoped, between nineteen and her own more experienced age of five-and-twenty! She was fond of Daisy, but had not the least intention of being rivalled by her; and perhaps for the little one's own sake, it might be as well to speak.

As Frank went out, he crossed Daisy's path on the lawn. They turned away side by side, walking slowly, talking apparently of the flowers; lingering over them, bending to inhale their sweet perfume. Mrs. St. Clare, a new magazine and a paper-knife in her hand—for she did make a pretence of reading now and then, though it was as much a penance as a pleasure—glanced up indifferently at them once, and then glanced down again at her book. But Lydia, watching more observantly, saw signs and wonders; the earnest, speaking gaze of Frank's blue eyes as they looked into Daisy's; the shy droop in hers; and the clinging pressure of the hands in farewell. He went on his way; and Daisy, detecting in that moment her sister's sharp glance from the window, made herself at once very busy with the beds and the flowers, as if they were her only thought in life.

"Mamma!"

The tone was so sharp a one that Mrs. St. Clare lifted her head in surprise. Lydia's voice was usually as supinely listless as her own.

"What is it, Lydia?"

"Don't you think that Daisy wants a little looking after?"

"In what way?"

"Of course I may be mistaken in my suspicions. But I think I am not. I will assume that I am not."

"Well, Lydia?"

"She and Mr. Raynor are flirting desperately."

Mrs. St. Clare made no reply whatever. Her eyes, fixed on Lydia's inquiringly, kept their gaze for a moment or so, and then fell on the magazine's pages again. Lydia felt a little astonished; was this indignation or indifference?

"Did you understand me, mamma?"

"Perfectly, my dear."

"Then—I really do not comprehend you. Don't you consider that Daisy must be restrained?"

"If I see Daisy do anything that I much disapprove, I shall be sure to restrain her."

"Have you not noticed, yourself, that they are flirting?"

"I suppose they are. Something of the kind."

"But *surely*, mamma, you cannot approve of Mr. Raynor! Suppose a serious attachment came of it, you could not suffer her to marry him!"

Mrs. St. Clare turned her book upside down upon her knee, and spoke in the equable manner that characterized her, folding her arms idly in the light morning scarf she wore.

"It never occurred to me, Lydia, until one day, a week or two ago, that any possibility could arise of what you are mentioning. Mr. Raynor's visits here are professional ones. Even when he comes by invitation to dinner, I consider them as partaking of that nature:—to look upon them in any other light never entered my mind. On this day, however, I saw something that, figuratively speaking, opened my eyes."

"What was it?" asked Lydia.

"It occurred on the day that the Faulkners were to have come to us, and did not. Mr. Raynor dined here in the evening. After dinner I dropped into a doze; there, on the sofa"—pointing to the other end of the room. "When I awoke it was quite dusk; not dark; and Mr. Raynor and Daisy were standing together at this open window; standing very close indeed to each other. Daisy was leaning against him, in fact; and he, I think, had one of her hands in his. You were not in the room."

"It was the evening I had so bad a headache, through vexation at those stupid people not coming!" cried Lydia, angrily. "I had gone upstairs, I suppose, to take my drops. But what did you do, mamma? Order Mr. Raynor from the house?"

"No. Had I acted on my first impulse, I might have done that, Lydia. But some instinct warned me to take time for consideration. I did so. I sat quite still, my head down on the cushion as before, they of course supposing me to be still asleep, and I ran the matter rapidly over in my mind. The decision I came to was, not to speak hastily; not *then*; to take, at any rate, the night for further reflection; so I coughed to let them know I was awake, and said nothing."

"Well?" said Lydia, impatiently.

"I went over the affair again at night with myself, looking at it from all points, weighing its merits and demerits, and trying to balance them, one against the other," pursued Mrs. St. Clare. "The result I came to was this, Lydia; to let the matter take its course."

Lydia opened her eyes very widely. "What! to let—to let her marry him?"

"Perhaps. But you jump to conclusions to rapidly, Lydia."

"Why, he is a common medical practitioner!"

"*There* of course lies the objection. But he is not a 'common' practitioner, Lydia. If he were, do you suppose I should invite him here as I do, and make much of him? He is a gentleman, and the son of a gentleman. In point of fact," added Mrs. St. Clare, in a lower tone, as if the acknowledgement might only be given in a whisper, "our branch of the St. Clare family is little, if any, better than are the Raynors——"

"Mamma, how can you say so?" burst forth Lydia. "It is not true. And the Raynors have always been as poor as church mice."

"And—I was going to say," went on Mrs. St. Clare with calm equanimity—"he is the heir to Eagles' Nest."

Lydia sat back in her chair, a scowl on her brow. She could not contradict that.

In most cases of this kind there are advantages and disadvantages, quietly spoke Mrs. St. Clare, "and I tried, as I tell you, to put the one against the other, and see which was the weightiest. On the one hand, there is his profession, and his want of high connections; on the other, there is Eagles' Nest, and there are his own personal attractions. You are looking very cross, Lydia. You think, I see, that Daisy might do better."

"Of course she might."

"She might or she might not," spoke Mrs. St. Clare, impressively. "Marriage used to be called a lottery; but it is a lottery that seems to be getting as scarce now as the real lotteries that the old governments put down. For one girl that marries, half a dozen do not. Is it so, or is it not, Lydia? And it appears to me that the more eligible girls, those who are the most worthy to be chosen and who would make the best wives, are generally those who are left. Have you been chosen yet?—forgive me for speaking plainly. No. Yet you have been *waiting* to be chosen—just as other girls wait—for these six or seven years. Daisy may wait in the same manner; wait for ever. We must sacrifice some prejudice in these non-marrying days, Lydia, if we are to get our daughters off at all. If an offer comes, though it may be one that in the old times of pick and choose would have been summarily rejected, it is well to *consider* it in these. And so, you see, my dear, why I am letting matters take their course in regard to Daisy and Mr. Raynor."

"*He* may mean nothing," debated Lydia.

"Neither of them may mean anything, if it comes to that," said Mrs. St. Clare, relapsing into her idly indifferent manner. "It may be just a little flirtation—your own word just now—on both sides; pour faire passer le temps."

"And if Daisy loses her heart to him, and nothing comes of it? You have called him attractive yourself."

"Highly attractive," composedly assented Mrs. St. Clare. "As to the rest, it would be no very great calamity that I know of. When once a girl has had a little love affair in early life, and has got over it, she is always the more tractable in regard to eligible offers, should they drop in. No, Lydia, all things considered—and I have well considered them—it is better not to interfere. The matter should be left to take its course."

"Well, I must say, Daisy ought not to be allowed to drift into love with a rubbishing assistant-surgeon."

"She has already drifted into it, unless I am mistaken," said Mrs. St. Clare, significantly; "has been down deep in it for some time past. My eyes were not opened quickly enough; but since they did open, they have been tolerably observant, Lydia. Why—do you suppose I should wink at their being so much together, unless I intended the matter to go on? Don't they stroll out alone by moonlight and twilight, in goodness knows what shady walks of the garden, talking sentiment, and looking at the stars and bending over the same flower? Twice that has happened, Lydia, since I have been on the watch; how many times it has happened before, I can't pretend to tell."

CHAPTER X.

FRANK'S PROMISE.

Lydia remained silent. It was all true. Where had her own eyes been? Daisy would walk out through the open French window—she remembered it now—and he would stroll out after her; while Mrs. St. Clare would be in her after-dinner doze, and she (Lydia) lying back in her chair with the chest-ache, or up-stairs taking her drops. Yes, it was all true. And what an idiot she had been not to see it—not to suspect!

"We cannot have everything; we must, as I say, make sacrifices;" resumed Mrs. St. Clare. "I could have wished that Mr. Raynor was not in the medical profession, especially in the lower branch of it. Of course at present he can only be regarded as entirely unsuitable for Daisy; but that will be altered when the Major comes into Eagles' Nest. Frank will then no doubt quit the profession, and——"

"The singular thing to me is, that he should ever have entered it," interrupted Lydia. "Fancy the heir to Eagles' Nest making himself into a rubbishing apothecary: It is perfectly incongruous."

"It seems so," said Mrs. St. Clare. "I conclude there must have been some particular motive for it. Perhaps the Major thought it well to give him some profession, and when he had acquired it sent him to this remote place to keep him out of mischief. It will be all right, Lydia, when they come into Eagles' Nest. The Major will of course make Frank a suitable allowance as his heir and successor. The Major is already getting on in years. Frank will soon come in."

"As to that old Mrs. Atkinson, she must intend to live to be a hundred," remarked Lydia, tartly. "She ought to give up Eagles' Nest to the Major and live elsewhere. If it is the beautiful place that people say, she might be generous enough to let somebody else have a little benefit of it."

Mrs. St. Clare laughed. "Old people are selfish, Lydia; they prefer their own ease to other people's. I daresay we shall be the same if we live."

From this conversation it will be gathered that the check thrown upon Frank Raynor's pleasant intercourse with Margaret St. Clare by the unknown calamity (unknown to the world) that had so mysteriously and suddenly happened, had been but transitory. For a week or two afterwards, Frank had paid none but strictly professional visits to the Mount; had just been courteous to its inmates, Daisy included, as a professional man, and no more. He had not danced with Daisy on her birthday; he had not given her any more tender glances, or exchanged a confidental word with her. But, as the first horror of the occurence began to lose its hold upon his mind, and his temperment recovered its elasticity, and his sanguine spirits resumed their sway, his lightness and his love returned to him. He was more with Daisy than ever; he *sought* opportunities to be with her now; formerly they had only come in the course of things. And so they were living in an enchanted dream, whose rose-colored hues seemed as if they could only have come direct from Eden.

And Frank Raynor, never famous for foresight and forethought at the best of times, fell into the belief that Mrs St. Clare approved of him as a future aspirant for her daughter's hand, and tacitly encouraged their love. That she must see they were intimate with an especial intimacy, and very much together, he knew, and in his sanguine way he drew deductions accordingly. In this he was partly right, as the reader has learnt; but it never entered into his incautious head to suppose that Mrs. St. Clare was counting upon his coming in for future wealth and greatness.

They stood once more together on this same evening, he and Daisy, gazing at the remains of the gorgeous sunset. Dinner over, Daisy had strolled out as usual into the garden; he following her in a minute or two, without leaving excuse or apology behind him. In his assumption of Mrs. St. Clare's tacit encouragement, he believed excuse to be no longer necessary. Clouds of purple and crimson flecked with gold crowded the west; lighting up Daisy's face, as they stood side by side leaning on the low, iron gate, with a hue as rosy as the dream they were living in.

"I should like to see the sunsets in Italy," observed Margaret. "It is said they are very beautiful."

"So should I," promptly returned Frank. "Perhaps sometime we may see them together."

Her face took a brighter tint, though there was nothing in the sky to cause it. He passed his hand along the gate, until it rested on hers.

"Mamma talks of going abroad this summer. I do not know whether it will be to Italy."

"I hope she will not take you!"

"It is Lydia's fault. She says this place tires her. "And possibly," added Daisy with a sigh, "when once we get abroad, we shall stay there."

"But, my darling, you know that must not be. I could not spare you. Why, Daisy, how could we live apart?"

Her hand, clasped tenderly, lay in his. Her whole frame thrilled as the hand rested there.

"Shall you always stay on at Trennach?" she questioned, in a low voice.

"Stay on at Trennach!" he repeated, in surprise. "I! Why, Daisy, I hope to be very, very soon, away from it. I came to my uncle two years ago, of my own accord, to gain experience. Nothing teaches you that like the drudgery of a general practice; and I was not one of those self-sufficient young students who set up after hospital practice with M. D. on the door-plate, and believe themselves qualified to cure the world. It is kill or cure, haphazard, with some of them."

"And—when you leave Trennach?" she asked, her clear eyes, clear this evening as any amber, gazing out afar as if she would fain see into the future.

"Oh, it will be all right when I leave Trennach; I shall get along well," returned Frank, in his light, sanguine fashion. "I—I don't care to praise myself, Daisy, but I am clever in my profession; and a clever man must make his way in it. Perhaps I should purchase a share in a West-End practice in town; or else set up for myself in that desirable quarter."

The bright hope of anticipation lighted Daisy's beautiful eyes. Frank changed his tone to one of the sweetest melody. At least it sounded so to *her* ear.

"And with one gentle Spirit at my hearth to cheer and guide me, the world will be to me as a long day in Paradise. My best and dearest! you know what Spirit it is that I covet. Will she say me nay?"

She did not say anything just now; but the trembling fingers, lying in his hand, entwined themselves confidingly within his.

"I know you will get on," she murmured. "You will be great sometime."

"Of course I shall, Daisy. And keep carriages and horses for my darling wife; and the Queen will knight me when I have gained name and fame; and—and we shall be happier than the live-long day."

The bright colors in the sky had faded, leaving the grey twilight in their stead. Before them lay the sloping landscape, not a living soul to be seen on it; immediately behind them was the grove of laurels, shutting them out from view. In this favorable isolation, Frank passed his arm around Daisy's waist, and drew her face to his breast.

"Nothing shall ever separate us, Daisy. Nothing in this world."

"Nothing," she murmured, speaking between his passionate kisses. "I will be yours always and for ever."

"And there will be no trouble," remarked he, in sanguine impulse, as they turned reluctantly away from the gate to regain the house. "I mean no opposition. I am my own master, Daisy, accountable to none; and your mother has seen our love and sanctions it."

"Oh, do you think she does sanction it?" exclaimed Daisy, drawing a deep breath.

"Why, of course she does," replied Frank, speaking in accordance with his assured belief. "Would Mrs. St. Clare let us linger out together, evening after evening, if she did not see and sanction it? No, there will be neither trouble nor impediment. Life lies before us, Daisy, fair as a happy valley."

The tea waited on the table when they went in. Mrs. St. Clare was sleeping still; Lydia looked very cross. Frank glanced at his watch, as if doubting whether he could stay longer.

Daisy's pretty hands, the deep lace, meant to shade them, falling back, began to busy themselves with the tea-cups. It awoke Mrs. St. Clare. See drew her chair at once to the tea-table. Frank pushed Lydia's light couch towards it.

"We were speaking to-day of Eagle's Nest," observed Mrs. St. Clare—and she really did not introduce the subject with any ulterior view; simply as something to talk of. "It is a very nice place, is it not?"

"Very—by all accounts," replied Frank. "I have not seen it."

"Indeed! Is not that strange?"

"My Aunt Atkinson has never invited me there. None of us have been invited, except the Major. And he has not been there for several years."

"How is that? Major Raynor is the next heir."

"Well, I scarcely know how it is. He and Mrs. Atkinson are not very good friends. There was some quarrel, I fancy."

"Mrs. Atkinson must be very old."

"About seventy-four, I believe."

"Not more than that! I thought she was eighty."

"I was saying to-day," put in Lydia, "that those old people ought to give up their estates to the heir. It is unreasonable to keep Major Raynor so long out of his own."

Frank smiled. "He would be very glad if she did, I dare say, Miss St. Clare: but I don't know about the justice of it. Elderly people, as a rule, cling to their homes. I once knew an old lady, who was unexpectedly called upon to give up her home, in which she had lived for very many years, and it killed her. Before the day for turning out came, she was dead."

"At any rate, you will not be kept out of it so long when it comes to your turn, Mr. Raynor," remarked Mrs. St. Clare: "for I suppose the Major is nearly as old as Mrs. Atkinson."

Frank's honest blue eyes went straight into those of the speaker, with a questioning glance.

"I beg your pardon: kept out of what?"

"*Of* Eagles' Nest."

His whole face lighted up with amusement at the mistake she was making.

"I shall never come into Eagles' Nest, Mrs. St. Clare."

"Never come into Eagles' Nest! But the Major comes into it."

"The Major does. But——"

And you are his eldest son."

Frank laughed outright. Freely and candidly he answered—with never a thought of reserve.

"My dear lady, I am not Major Raynor's son, at all. His eldest son is my cousin Charley. It is he who will succeed to Eagles' Nest."

Mrs. St. Clare stared at Frank. "Good heavens!" she murmured under her breath. "You are not the son of Major Raynor?"

"No, I am his nephew. My father was the clergyman."

"I—I have heard Major Raynor call you his son!" she debated, hardly believing her own ears. "He has called you so to my face."

"He often does," laughed Frank. "I fear—he is—proud of me—dear, fond old uncle!"

"Well, I never was so deceived in all my life!" ejaculated Mrs. St. Clare.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHAT ABOUT CORSETS.

We suppose that women will wear corsets as long as the world lasts. This wearing of a corset does not, however, necessarily involve tight lacing, so that a good deal of the well-meaning censure which is applied to corsets in the abstract, may be spared. To denounce excessively tight-lacing, is one thing. To anathematize the wearing of corsets, at all, is quite another.

We find the corset mentioned in "Homer," or at least an article which answered the same purpose. The Circassian women, from time immemorial, have used a corset made of morocco, and furnished with two plates of wood placed on the chest—a much more clumsy article, as well as cruel one, than that used by fashionable ladies of modern days. In the old Roman times, a broad bandage, or swath, was used, which answered the purpose of stays. After the fall of the empire, through the invasion of the Goths, the art of making these corsets was lost; but soon after, indeed, as early as the ninth century, the French women began to wear another style of corset, which is described as being exceedingly stiff. From that period down to the present time, a corset, in some shape or other, has been worn among all civilized people.

At constantly recurring epochs, during this interval, tight-lacing has also prevailed. Neither the censures of religion, nor the penalties of the law, nor common sense, have been able to prevent this absurd and dangerous practice. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, not only the ladies, but gentlemen also, laced tightly. It seems curious to know that Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, and other of that stamp, heroes and men of genius, laced; yet such is the fact. In our day, the only men who lace are the second-rate dandies of Paris. The corset was abolished for a time in France. Among the other classical revivals of the French revolutionary period, was an attempt to copy the costume of ancient Greece, whose main features were loose bodies, long trains and short waists, unlaced. This did not last long, however, and in 1810 the practice of lacing was resumed with all its former rigor. "The span" was re-established as the standard of fashionable measurement, and female chests again had to suffer the evil consequences. So extensive is the use of stays in England, that it is estimated the annual expenditure for these articles is not less than one million sterling.

Tight lacing, however, has been out of fashion for many years. The corset, during the past generation, has been only moderately laced, and has not been, in that way, injurious; while, on the contrary, it has been of positive benefit, by taking a part of the weight of the skirts off the hips. Both crinoline and corsets have been very absurdly abused; for it is well known that, if properly worn, they prevent serious diseases, which, otherwise, the great weight of petticoats might bring on. It is said that the edict has gone forth, from the rules of fashion, to lace tightly again. But, if so, we hope the edict will be disregarded. An excessively small waist, instead of being a beauty, is really a deformity.

THE HIGH AND HANDY STYLE

Francis Jeffrey, the celebrated critic, had, even in conversation, an artificial style and language, which were fit only for books and a small circle of learned friends. His diction and pronunciation, it was said, were unintelligible to the mass of his countrymen, and in the House of Commons offensive and ridiculous. An anecdote told in illustration of this peculiarity strikingly shows the superiority of simple to high flown language in the practical business of life. In a trial, which turned upon the intellectual competency of a testator, Jeffrey asked a witness (a plain countryman) whether the testator was a "man of intellectual capacity?" "an intelligent, shrewd man?" "a man of capacity?" "Had he ordinary mental endowments?" "What d'ye mean, sir?" asked the witness. "I mean," answered Jeffrey, "was the man of sufficient ordinary intelligence to qualify him to manage his own affairs?" "I dinna ken," replied the chafed and mystified witness, "wad ye say the question over again, sir?" Jeffrey being baffled, Cockburn took up the examination. He said: "Ye kenned Tammas?" "Ou ay, I kenned Tammas weel; me and him herde together when we were laddies." "Was there onything in the cretur?" "De'il a thing but what the spoon put into him." "Would you have trusted him to sell a cow for you?" "A cow? I would na' trusted him to sell a calf." Had Jeffrey devoted a review article to the subject he could not have given a more vivid idea of the testator's incapacity to manage his own affairs.

FARM AND GARDEN.

BE SAVING.—Gather your corn closely, assort it, put up for your own use twice as much of your best as you think will be sufficient for your use. Feed the poorest corn first, as it will still damage by keeping it and having it mixed with the good corn; don't feed extravagantly, or without some profit, and when plough time comes again you will have plenty of good, sound corn to feed upon. This advice may seem simple to many, but nevertheless it is good, and you will profit by following it. Take care of the potatoes, they are the best vegetables we have, are healthy and nutritious. Put them away safely, and look after them occasionally, for they may get too hot or may freeze.

LEAKY ROOFS.—When a man allows any building to have a leaky roof beyond the summer months, he needs to have a friend to give him a few words of advice—to tell him how his hay in his barn is being badly injured; how his carriage and harness are damaged by a leak in his wagon-house; how his hogs lie in the mire, in consequence of a leaky roof; and how his sheep suffer from the drippings of water upon them during cold storms, through the roof of their sheds. Farmers, now is the time to attend to these leaky roofs, and also to other needed repairs, as leaks in all buildings cause more or less decay in their frames, till in a few years new plates, sills, etc., are required, costing perhaps ten times the expense of stopping the leaks.

TAMING WOODCOCKS.—*Forest and Stream*, quoting a letter from New Brunswick, N. J., describes a case where several woodcocks were brought up by a farmer, and became well domesticated. He found four in a nest, and brought them home with him, not expecting they would live. But he saw that by holding worms before their bills they would swallow them, although they would not pick them up off the ground. In a few days they became very tame, and as they grew older, and acquired their full plumage, they would take short flights about the farm, but always returning to the house and roosting beneath the stone slab forming the kitchen doorstep. When the tamer and our informant went into the garden, the birds, attracted by their owner's voice, came hopping out of the brush and flew upon his shoulders, manifesting not the slightest fear, but not permitting his companion to approach them. After taking food from his hand they again flew away. Watching the birds feeding, it was observed that they would rapidly drive their bills into the soft ground, constantly boring until they found their worm. They would then give a peculiar twist, draw it out its full length, and gulp the worm down.

REPAIRING BUILDINGS, ETC.—Nothing shows the lack of energy and good management of a farmer more than to find his buildings leaky, and out of repair, especially those in which he winters his live stock. For instance, you stall your cows, oxen and horses in a barn, the boards of which are placed vertically, with no battens over the cracks, which are about an inch wide. You might almost as well leave them out of doors, so far as warmth is concerned; and the result is that it requires one-third more feed to winter your stock in good condition than it would if your barn were built warm as it should be. Every animal will require at least five dollars worth more feed during the winter, in consequence of the open condition of the barn, while the entire expense of making the whole barn warm and comfortable would not equal the loss that one sustains in a single winter with his stock not properly sheltered. Suppose you place a steam engine in a warm cellar, and another like it out of doors on a winter day. Is it not evident that it would require much more fuel to get up steam in the boiler of the out-door engine than in that in one in the cellar? So it is with your cattle, horses, swine etc. When kept warm they require much less food, and as hay and grain are money, every farmer who neglects to provide warm quarters for his stock throws money away.

FALL PLOWING.—A correspondent gives his reason for fall plowing as follows: "By experience and observation I am satisfied that all soils ought to be plowed in the fall, especially green sward, for several reasons. First, the sod rots during the winter, and thus supplies the soil with nutriment ready prepared for the young crop. Second, the lumps become pulverized sooner, permitting the land to be stocked down in better shape. Third, a team can work much easier in the fall, and the farmer is less hurried. The action of the atmosphere upon the soil for a longer time is also beneficial." A correspondent of an exchange, discussing the same topic, says: "I have tried the fall plowing on light and heavy soils. On light soils which never produce cakes or clods, it does well. On heavy soils it is commonly detrimental. If followed by a dry winter it sometimes succeeds, but commonly it produces a hard, cloddy soil, which is long in becoming mellow. I have known this hardness to last a full year afterward. Even when the land was thoroughly and regularly drained, this unfavorable result followed. It is therefore necessary to use caution in plowing heavy or adhesive, clayey land in autumn, and, as a general rule, it should be avoided."

"LITTLE SUNSHINE."

BY CHARLES CLIFTON BOYCE.

Worth makes the man, the want of it the *fellow*.—POPE.

Just three feet high, was Little Dot, who dressed in the cunningest of white and blue spotted cambrics, stood on the porch enjoying the beautiful June morning.

"Rover! Rover!" she calls, gazing around and over the lawn that meets the sea not far away. But no Rover appears, and with an impatient toss of her golden locks, she sits on one of the rustic chairs that stand around. Soon a crackling of the dead limbs from an adjoining thicket breaks the silence and a big Newfoundland dog bounds up the garden walk.

"Ho, ho, old fellow! You've been chasing Grandma's pussy; shame!" she cries; taking his long sharp head between her little hands.

"Look Rover! Such *lovely* violets—loads of 'em!" gasps his little mistress, throwing herself breathless on the ground, after an exciting race from the house to the bottom of the lawn where the white capped waves kiss the sands and shells.

"Oh, how sweet!" she repeats again and again, pressing the fragrant flowers to her lips.

"Take me! Take me!" says a tiny voice from beside her.

"Gracious! What was that?" and our little heroine somewhat frightened, looks instinctively around for her companion, but he is off chasing the sea-birds.

"Take me, Dottie!" This time the voice was very soft and pleading.

"Who is it?" asks the little girl of herself. "It can't be Cinderella's fairy? No; perhaps it is Mopsa, the queen. Anyway, I'll ask—I'm not afraid.

"Who are you?"

"Little Ned," replies a tiny voice.

"Where are you?" asks Dottie, much amazed.

"Here;" and a dandelion from among its more beautiful neighbors, the violets, shook its head to attract her attention.

"You are a dandelion," asserts Dot in an insinuating and disappointed tone.

"Yes."

"I don't like dandelions, you're ugly!" declares Dot with an impatient toss of her golden mane, whilst she continues gathering the purple violets.

"Don't you?"

"You dandelions don't smell nice—you ain't pretty like the violets. I love them."

"Won't you love us?"

"No; you ugly little yellow thing. I tell you I love the violets!"

"D-o-y-o-u?" echoed the little fellow, his head drooping slowly and the dew drops falling from his golden petals.

"Don't cry. I'm sorry I spoke so rudely—tell me what you can do to make me love you as I do the violets; you know by their fragrance they make us happy, a-n-d you don't. Do you?"

The little dandelion brightened up at this, and smiling all over his little round face, he said: "I'll show you."

"Stoop down and blow with your lips on my mother's hair until it is all gone, and—"

"Gracious!" exclaims his listener laughing at the idea of blowing away the old lady's hair. "I'm afraid she won't like it. Really, won't she be angry?"

"Pshaw, no! It will grow in again next summer. The wind will if you don't." Be sure, Dottie, pretty girl, to count "one" each time you blow.

"All right, here goes: One, two, three, four,—ten!"

"Yes, ten," echoes the dandelion. "Do you know what it means?"

"No," replies the little girl, shaking her head.

"Well, by blowing away my mother's hair, you've told the time of day—ten o'clock."

"Dear-oh-dear!" says his listener, clasping her hands in astonishment.

"We dandelions, though we are *ugly*, are of *some* use. We are the clocks of the poor people. We light up the green fields in the day-time, and at night, we gather the dew to freshen the grass. The cows eat us, and this is why you have such yellow butter."

"You'll loves us now, won't you Dollie?" and little Ned in his softest voice and his face all aglow with suppressed delight, peers up into the little girl's eyes.

"Yes, indeed; I'll always love you in the future, but I must go now. I'll come to-morrow. Good-by."

* * * * * * * * *

"Stop, Rover! Do you hear me, stop!" But the old fellow is invigorated by the sea-breeze and will chase the birds. "Shame, Rover," she continues, at the same tmie springing forward to catch him as he wheels near her; but her foot gets entangled in the dark grass, and she is thrown violently forward. A shrill cry; a little gray cloud of dust; and down on the sands of the beach she lies, oh, so cold, so lifeless!

Poor Rover! How piteously he whines as he licks her dimpled hands! Then, as if struck with a brilliant idea, he utters a short, quick bark and hurries along the shore until he reaches a fisherman's hut.

The only inmate, an old woman, is busy at some household duties, when the dog enters and unceremoniously pulls at her gown. She endeavors to drive him away but the faithful fellow barks and continues to tug at her dress, until she dons a sun-bonnet and follows him.

"It's the child from the 'big house;'" and the poor woman's eyes fill with tears as she bends down and kisses the pale face. "Her arm is cut and bleeding dreadfully. What shall I do? I know how the doctor done it when Jim, the light-house tender, fell from the bluff;" and hastening to a field beyond, she returned, emptying a lot of dandelions from her apron.

Covering the deep gash with a quantity of the leaves, she tears her calico apron into long strips and with them firmly binds the wound. Lifting her gently she bears her to her humble fisher home.

* * * * * * * * *

"What's the matter? Where's Rover?" demands Dollie, one bright morning after many days of pain.

"Ho-ho, little Miss, so you're getting well are you?" cries the doctor, entering the room at that moment. "Hard time you're had of it, too, but you have got the dandelions Nancy to thank for your life."

"How, doctor?"

"Well, Dollie, if she had not bound your arm with the dandelions leaves you would have bled to death. The leaves absorbed the heat and——"

"Don't, doctor, don't!" and closing her eyes she fell asleep. The physician chuckles and laughingly bids the mother "good cheer," as she is safe.

* * * * * * * * *

"Little Ned," quoths Dollie, kissing the little fellow's sunny face. "I love the dandelions awfully, awfully much. You saved my life—the doctor says so!"

"Goody-gracious! Do tell?" he breathlessly exclaims.

"Oh!" and Little Ned breathes such a deep sigh of delight when she finished about her "accident."

"Yes, Ned, I didn't like you because you were humble and insignificant. But my fall has shown me that Moral Worth is superior to Beauty; and in the future I will look upon you as my "Little Sunshine."

A FEARFUL BUMP.

They had a lecture on phrenology in Norristown a short time ago, from a traveling Professor of that science, and part of it was quite entertaining. He had on the stand several plaster heads, mapped out in town lots, and after he explained what they meant, he invited persons in the audience to come up and let him feel their bumps and explain their characters. Several times he hit it pretty accurately, and excited considerable amount of applause, and after a while old D—— stopped up for examination. He is an absent-minded man, and he wears a wig. While dressing himself before coming to the lecture, he had placed his wig on the bureau, and accidentally tossed his plug of tobacco into it. When he put the wig on it was just like him not to notice the plug, and so, when he mounted the platform he had a lump just over his bump of combativeness as big as half a hen's egg. The Professor fingered about a while over D.'s head, and then said:

"We have here a somewhat remarkable skull. The perceptive faculties strongly developed; reflective faculties quite good; ideality large; reverence so great as to be unusual, and benevolence very prominent. Secretiveness is small, and the subject, therefore, is a man of candor and frankness; he communicates what he knows freely. We have also," said the Professor, still plowing his fingers through D.'s hair, "acquisitiveness not large; the subject is not a grasping, avaricious man; he gives liverally, he—he—he—. Why, it can't be? Yes. Why, what in the—! Munificent Moses! that's the most awful development of combativeness I ever heard of! Are you a prize fighter, eh?"

"Prize fighter!" exclaimed D. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Never been a soldier, or a pirate, or anything like that?"

"You certainly must be crazy."

"Ain't you fond of going into scrimmages and rows, and hammering people?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, sir, then you're untrue to your nature. The way you're head's built qualifies you, I should say, in a special manner, as a knocker-down and dragger-out. If you want to fulfill your mission you will devote the remainder of your life to battering up your fellow man, and keeping yourself in one interminable and eternal muss. You've got the awfulest fighting bump that ever decorated a human skull. It's phenominal. What'll you take for your head when you die? Gentlemen, this man is liable at any moment to commence raging around this community like a wildcat, banging you with a club, or anything that comes handy. It isn't safe for him to be at large."

Then D. put his hand up to feel the bump, and he noticed the tobacco. He pulled off his wig, and there was the plug just sticking behind his left ear. Then the professor, looking at it a moment in confusion, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we will now—the lecture is—that is, I have no more—. Boy, turn out those lights!"

Then the audience laughed, and D. put on his wig, and the Professor started to catch the last train.

The science of phrenology is not as popular in Norristown as it was, and D. still remains peaceable.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

A DISGUSTED WIDOW.

Captain W—— has just returned from the Warm Springs. The Captain is a widower. At the Springs was a widow who rather set her cap for the Captain. The girl told him to look out, and the Captain replied, well, he was ready.

Sitting out in the portico, one evening, the cool breeze fanning like a ten cent palm leaf, and thinking of his daughters far away at school, the widow moved up close by and opened a conversation.

"I hear, Captain, you have grown up daughters."

"Yes, madam, I have."

"How I should like to see their pictures."

"I will show you a picture of my eldest daughter," said the Captain, handing her one.

"Oh, such a sweet face," said the widow, "and such a fine eye! Isn't she called like you, Captain?"

"I don't know, madam, that she is."

"It is a wonder to me, Captain W——, you do not get married."

"Well, ma'am, I never think of it; for the woman I'd have might not have me, and then, you know, *vice versa*."

"Yes, but what kind of a lady would suit you?" and the widow looked her sweetest.

It was right here the Captain's wonderful nerve never forsook him, but, setting his eye steadily at the widow's, he hardened his heart and replied: "Madam, she must be ninety-five years old to a second, and worth two hundred thousand dollars."

"It is getting so chilly out here I must go for my shawl," said the widow; and she looked frigid zones at the Captain as she brushed by him with a toss of her head.—*Raleigh Standard.*

WANTED A FARM.

A Detroit real estate agent was waited on recently by a tall man with a weed on his hat, who said he had the cash to pay for a farm provided he could get one to suit. The agent smiled him to a seat, and brought out his register of descriptions. He had several farms registered on his books, and he had no doubt he could suit the would-be purchaser. The strranger remarked:

"What I want is a farm of about 300 acres."

"I've got it," replied the dealer.

"I'd like about six big hills on it."

"Here she is—here's a farm with exactly six hills on it."

"And I'd like a lake near the centre."

"Here you are. Here's a farm with a lake exactly in the centre."

"And I want a big natural cavern in one of the hills."

"Here you are. There's a cave on this farm that can't be beat."

The stranger drew a long breath and went on:

"I want a farm of 300 acres, but 100 acres must be marsh land."

"Here she is," was the ready reply. "Just 300 acres in the farm, and just 100 in marsh land."

"I must have a waterfall twenty-six feet high on the farm," continued the stranger.

"Here you are. This farm has a natural waterfall of twenty-five feet and eleven inches. I don't suppose an inch, more or less, on a waterfall amounts to much."

"Well, no, but I want a windmill on one of the hills."

"That was put up last year," was the calm reply.

It was some time before the stranger thought of anything else, but he finally said:

"There must be a church right across the road from the house."

"One built there last summer, sir."

"It must be a brick church."

"So it is."

"Has it an organ?"

"It has."

"Then I can't buy the farm of you," said the stranger, rising to go. "If there is anything I hate it is a church organ, and you can see for yourself that I would be in a state of continual misery. The farm suits me first rate, but can't go that organ."

Just what estimate those two men placed upon each other's veracity as they separated will never be known.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BE SOCIAL.

Men who isolate themselves from society, and have no near and dear family ties, are the most uncomfortable of human beings. Byron says "happiness was born a twin," but the phrase, though pretty and poetic, does not go far enough. We are gregarious, and not intended to march through life either single or double file. The man who cares for nobody, and for whom nobody cares, has nothing to live for that will pay for the keeping of soul and body together. You must have a heap of embers to have a glowing fire. Scatter them apart, and they will become dim and cold. So to have a brisk, vigorous life, you must have a group of lives, to keep each other warm, as it were, to afford each mutual encouragement and confidence and support. If you wish to live the life of a man and not of a fungus, be social, be brotherly, be charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.

HERE AND THERE.

THE New York *Commercial Advertiser* refers to the ladies' dresses as an example of delirium trimmings. No wonder! They're always tight, and never satisfied unless there's a fresh glass before them.

CROWD at a depot waiting for late train: Affable young man accosts gruff old gent—"Sir, I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you before. Your face looks familiar." Old gent—"Does, eh! So'll yours 'fore you're old's I am."

AN old farmer said to his sons: "Boys don't you ever spekerlate, or wait for suthin to turn up. You might as well go an' sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pail atwixt your legs, an' wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

AT a select gathering the other evening, somebody asked one of the guests, a country cousin, whether he was fond of opera. "Oh! yes," was the reply; "passionately. I always like that part where the lady rides round and jumps through the hoops."

"You haven't got such a thing as a pair of old trowsers, have you?" "No, my man," said the merchant, "I don't keep my wardrobe in my counting-house." "Where do you live?" rejoined the man, "and I'll call in the morning for the old pair you've got on."

A YOUNG lady dressed in much false hair was warbling at the piano, and when her mother summoned her in some household duties, her rosy lips opened poutingly and snapped out, "Oh! do it yourself!" And then went on singing, "Kind words can never die."

FORTY-THREE different sewing machines have already received "the highest award" at the Centennial, and the other twenty-eight would have received it but for the dilatory movements of their advertising agents. They will be along with it, however, in a day or two.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

WE saw a mosquito work about ten minutes yesterday, trying to get his bill through the skin of a man who owes us two years' subscription. How we laughed at the demoralized little insect as, with a look of disgust, he folded up his little bill, placed it in his pocket, and went for another victim.

AN ANGLER'S PATIENCE.—A person, late on Saturday afternoon, hailed an elderly gentleman, as he was skillfully essaying the wily fisherman's art for trout, with "Hallo, there! Got anything?" "Of course not; I only come here last Wednesday!" was the reply, as the patient angler once more cast his patent fly.

DIO LEWIS has recovered strength enough to resume lecturing on the Pacific side. He says that story about his eating custard pie and green apples at a railroad station on the day before he delivered his lecture on "Oatmeal as an exclusive diet," is false. It was rhubarb pie and hard boiled eggs.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A FOUR-YEAR old at East Poultney recently went to a blacksmith's shop to see his father's horse shod, and watched closely the work of shoeing until the blacksmith commenced paring the horse's hoofs, when, thinking this was wrong, he said, earnestly, "My pa don't want the horse made any smaller."

"SUPPOSE, Belle," said a poor, but honest Chicago youth to a Prairie Avenue girl, one day recently, "suppose that a young man loved you dearly—very dearly—but was afraid to ask you to marry him, because he was very timid, or felt too poor, or something—what would you think of such a case?" "Why, if he was poor, I should think that he was doing just right in keeping still about it." The question was dropped right there.

AN exemplary minister of the Gospel residing in Raleigh, N. C., was busy at his sermon the other evening, when a caller came to disturb him. It was a stranger, and he said his name was Dolsocker. He extended his hand for a shake, sat down as if in his own house, and presently began: "I called to see if you would give me a little spiritual advice?" "Certainly I will, and be glad to," was the reply. "Are you a professor?" "No." "Then you are thinking of turning your feet into good paths, I hope?" "Well, perhaps," was the hesitating reply. "Don't you want to be a Christian?" asked the good man. "I'll tell you how it is," said the stranger, after quite a long interval. "I've got a ticket in a lottery, and I wanted to ask you if you thought it would stand any better chance of striking the big prize if I was sort o' good than it would if I kept on being sort o' bad?" The clergyman didn't labor with Mr. Dolsocker very long.

A PARTY of grammarians were arguing the question, "Is it right to say six and seven is eleven, or six and seven are eleven?" Some were certain "is" was right, while others insisted that "are" was right. "Do you mean to say," said one grammarian, very much excited, "that six and seven are eleven?" "It are," replied another, equally excited. Much confusion ensued, and a collision was feared between them. In fact, after conjugating each other sharply, and working themselves up to the superlative degree of wrathful mood, they did make a few passes at each other's heads. In the present tense of affairs, it was agreed to leave the question to a German friend, Chris Gerne, who stood by. Said one of them, "Chris, which is right, to say six and seven is eleven, or six and seven are eleven?" "Vich is recht?" "Yes." "Six and seven is eleven, or six and seven are eleven?" "Yes, yes; that's it." "Vy, you old fools, six and seven bese dirteen!"

WE asked Amos how his boy was getting on at school.

"Plag take dat boy, I done tuck him 'way from dat school!"

"Why, what for?"

"Uh, oh! he wuz gittin' too smart down dar wid dat book larnin'. 'Twont do for sonas niggers ter be too edicatid."

"Why not, Amos?"

"Well, sah, jes take dat boy, frinstance, I put dat boy ter keep books for me 'bout de sellin' op de garden truck dis summer. Well, sah, he jess rit down charges dar in de book fer all de truck dat I tuck out de gardin', an' charges fer all dat we eat in de house, an' don credit hisself wid de little 'mounts dat I let him bawl 'long at odd 'casions, an' den he go an' add dem all up, an' stuck er balunce, he say!"

"And how did you come out?"

"Come out? Fore de good Master, I didn't come out at all? Dat boy done stuck me for 'bout thirty-five dollers, 'sides his wages as de bookkeeper—now dat's what de figgers said."

"Well, what did you do?"

"I jess burn up dat book right dar an' den 'scharged de bookkeepah and hire him ober agin ter saw wood fer his borde an' clos."

"You did?"

"Yes, sah, I did dat! Why, boss, ef dat boy had kep dat book on me till now he'd done own dat house an' gardin' patch an' bin' charging me an' his ole mammy fer bed an' brek! I tell yer dis hyar book-larnin' is ruinin' dis young breed ob niggers, 'tis shore!"

EDITORIAL CARES.—The editor of a Texas paper gives the following figures of a statistical memorandum of his every-day life, and still people will think that editors have but few cares to disturb their slumbers, and start into the newspaper business to enjoy life:

Been asked to drink	11,392
Drank	11,392
Requested to retract	416
Dido's retract	416
Invited to parties and receptions, by parties	
fishing for puffs	2,333
Took the hint	24
Didn't take the hint	3,308
Threatened to be whipped	183
Been whipped	6
Whipped the other fellow	4
Didn't come to time	170
Been promised whisky, pie, etc., if we would	
go after them	6,640
Been after them	5,000
Been asked what's the news	300,000
Told	23
Didn't know	200,000
Lied about it	99,977
Been to church	2
Changed politics	22
Expect to change still	50
Gave to charity	00 00
Gave for a terrier dog	$25 00
Cash on hand	$1 00

The Influence of Malaria Counteracted.

That the harmful influence upon the human system of malaria may be effectually counteracted has been demonstrated for years past by the protection afforded the inhabitants of vast miasmn-breeding districts in North and South America, Guatemala, Mexico and the West Indies, by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Used as a preventive, they have invariably been found to be a most reliable safeguard against chills and fever, bilious remittents, and still more malignant types of malarious disease, and when employed as a remedy have always proved their adequacy to the task of eradicating such maladies from the system. For disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, which in hot climates and miasmatic localities are particularly rife, the Bitters are a prompt and thorough remedy. They also strengthen the system, tranquillize the nerves, promote digestion and sound sleep, and impart unwonted relish for food.

A YOUTH'S PUBLICATION.—For half a century the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, has been published. It was started in 1827, and is to-day one of the brightest and most vigorous papers with which we are acquainted.

WHAT other preparations fail to do, Hall's Hair Renewer surely accomplishes. It renews the hair and especially restores its color when gray and faded. As a dressing it is unsurpassed, making the hair moist, soft and glossy. The most economical preparation ever offered, its effects remain a long time, and those who have once made a trial of it will never use any other.—*Advertiser and Union, Fredonia, N. Y.*

THE American House, Boston, is well known all over the country for its comforts and conveniences, and is a favorite resort with merchants and large traveling parties. Aside from its central location, so favorable for business or sight seeing, its suites of rooms furnish all the luxury and privacy of a home to families. The present management is the same that has won its widely extended popularity for a generation past.

A GROWING BUSINESS.—Messrs. N. W. Ayer & Son, Advertising Agents of this city, have been compelled to seek more commodious quarters by the great increase of their business. They are fitting up fine offices in the new TIMES building, Chestnut and Eighth streets, where all the "modern improvements" will be introduced. Those who have employed this agency have found it unsurpassed for efficiency, and they well deserve the high standing in which they are held by newspapers and the business community.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

In all Bilious Disorders these Pills may be used with confidence, as they promote the discharge of vitiated bile, and remove those obstructions from the liver and biliary ducts which are the cause of bilious affectations in general.

These Pills expel Ascarides, or Seat-worms, which are so troublesome to many persons, producing Piles, Fistula, Dysentary and other painful disorders.

THE

Japanese Fate Book;

or, **THE WHEEL OF GOLD.** A complete interpreter of Dreams; having also attached to every dream its fortunate numbers. The latest and best Dream Book published. 144 pages, neatly bound, price 30 cents.

THE

Economical Cook Book;

or how to prepare nice dishes at moderate cost. Just what every housekeeper wants—containing over four hundred carefully tried recipes. Compiled and arranged by a practical housekeeper. Price 30 cents.

The above books are for sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers, or sent free by mail on receipt of price. Address ALBERT COGSWELL, Publisher, 46 Beekman St., New York

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

In the whole history of medicine, no preparation has ever performed such marvellous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in the throat and lung disorders of children, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, Physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and Clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

YES YES WE WANT an agent in every town. Easy work at home. Write now and we will start you. $3 a day sure to all. SIMPSON & SMITH, 66 Cortlandt st., New York.

SLATE MANTELS

ESTABLISHED 1853.

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate work on hand or made to order. Factory and Salesrooms, No. 1220 Ridge Avenue. WILSON & MILLER, Philadelphia, Pa.

ARTHUR'S

Illustrated Home Magazine.

Year after year the Home Magazine continues to gain in favor with the people. Taking rank with the best periodicals of the day, it claims to be, in its peculiar character and varied departments, more thoroughly identified with the people in their common life and social interests, than any other magazine of its class.

1877

Terms, $2.50 a year; 3 copies $6.00. For $12.00, six copies and one extra to club getter. Specimen number 10 cents.

GREAT PREMIUMS For 20 subscribers at the above rates, we give as a Premium, a copy of our fine Centennial Picture of all the Presidents of the United States, elegantly framed in heavy Walnut and Gilt Moulding. The most valuable premium ever offered for subscribers at club rates.

Home Magazine for sale by News Dealers.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, Philadelphia

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
32 Warren Street, New York.

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE of IRON has never been known to fail in the cure of weakness, attended with symptoms; indisposition to exertion; loss of memory; difficulty of breathing; general weakness; horror of disease; weak, nervous trembling; dreadful horror of death; night sweats; cold feet; weakness; dimness of vision; languor; universal lassitude of the muscular system; spasmodic appetite with dyspeptic symptoms; hot hands; flushing of the body; dryness of the skin; pallid countenance and eruptions on the face, purifying the blood; pain in the back; heaviness of the eyelids; frequent black spots flying before the eyes with temporary suffusion and loss of sight; want of attention, etc. These symptoms all arise from a weakness, and to remedy that use E. F. KUNKEL'S Bitter Wine of Iron. It never fails. Thousands are now enjoying health who have used it. Take only E. F. KUNKEL'S.

Beware of counterfeits and base imitations. As Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is so well known all over the country, druggists themselves make an imitation and try to palm it off on their customers, when they call for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.

Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is put up only in $1 bottles, and has a yellow wrapper nicely put on the outside, with the proprietor's photograph on the wrapper of each bottle. Always look for the photograph on the outside, and you will always be sure to get the genuine. $1 per bottle, or six for $5. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere.

All Worms Removed Alive.

E. F. KUNKEL'S Worm Syrup never fails to destroy Pin, Sea and Stomach Worms. Dr. Kunkel, the only successful Physician who removes Tape Worm in 2 hours, alive, with head, and no fee until removed. Common sense teaches if Tape worm be removed all other worms can be readily destroyed. Send for circular to Dr. Kunkel, No. 229 North 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa., or call on your druggist and ask for a bottle of Kunkel's Worm Syrup. Price, $1. It never fails.

PARTIES having Land Titles or Legal Claims of any kind or nature in any part of the United States, Canadas or Europe which need investigation, attention or prosecution can find assistance by addressing P. O. Box 4163, New York City. First-class references.

20 Fancy Cards, no two alike, with name, 10 cts., postpaid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

MIND READING, PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION, Soul Charming, Mesmerism, and Marriage Guide, showing how either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affection of any person they choose instantly. 400 pages. By mail 50c. Huse & Co., 139 S. Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.
50,000 SUBSCRIBERS FOR 1877.

ILLUSTRATED; Best Family Magazine in the Country, at $3 for 1877. 5 copies one year for $13; 10 copies for $25; 20 copies for $50, and a copy of **Potter's Bible Encyclopedia**, quarto, 3,000 illustrations, price $25, given to the person sending this club. For Sale at all News stands, at 25 cents a number. Special Terms to Agents. J. E. POTTER & CO., Phila., Pa.

12 Fine Photographs, 20 cents. Samples for 3c. stamp. FISK & CO., Holyoke, Mass.

ROYAL FRAGRANCE, SOLID COLOGNE, An Elegant Perfume in *Solid Form*. Send for it. Three samples for 25 cents. One sample 10 cents. Postage stamps will be received. W. A. HUBBARD, Chemist, 45 North Anderson street, Boston, Mass.

$894 made by ONE agent in 27 days. 13 new articles, samples free. Address C. M. LINNGTON, Chicago.

THE TOLL-GATE Prize Picture sent free! An ingenious gem! 50 objects to find! Address, with stamp, E. C. ABBEY, Buffalo, N. Y.

$200 A Month. Outfit worth $1. Free to Agents. Excel. Mfg. Co., 151 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

$55 $77 a week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

Still Ahead! Your name neatly printed on 40 elegant Bristol Cards for 15c.; 50 Granite, 20c.; 20 Assortment, 15c. Elegant card cases, 10 and 15c. each. Standard Card Co., Brockton, Mass.

A BIG CHANCE FOR MONEY. NEW NOVELties and chromos; jewelry, stationery packages &c. Address National Novelty Co., 400 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

NO MONEY We will start you in a business you can make $50 a week, without capital; easy and respectable for either sex. AGENTS' SUPPLY Co., 20 Bowery, N. Y.

CHALLENGE STATIONERY PACKAGE

The only complete package in the market, contains 25 sheets paper, 15 envelopes, pencil, pen-holder, gold pen, package of ink powder sufficient to make a bottle of jet black ink in one second, 50 valuable receipts, and gents' elegant combination set sleeve buttons, studs and collar button to match. Sample package, 25 cents; 5 packages with assorted jewelry, $1; 12 packages, $2. Send for sample dozen and confidential terms to agents. F. STOCKMAN, 27 Bond Street, New York.

BANKRUPT SALE

OF MILTON GOLD JEWELRY.

We will send you on receipt of **Fifty Cents**, one pair elegant engraved Sleeve Buttons, one set Spiral Studs, one Collar Button, one beautiful Coral Scarf Pin, one Gent's Watch Chain, and one heavy Wedding Ring. Above lot used to retail for $3.50. Four lots will be sent, post paid, on receipt of $1.50 and 12 lots for $4. Address W. W. BELL & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED.

Men or women, $24 a week. Proof furnished. Business pleasant and honorable, with no risks. A 16-page circular and valuable samples free. Do not delay, but write at once on postal card to F. M. REED, 8th St., New York.

$15 SHOT GUN.

A double barrel gun, bar or front action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, NO SALE; with Flask, Pouch and Wad-cutter, for. Can be sent C. O. D. with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to P. WELL & SON, 238 Main Street, Cincinnati, O.

10 CENTS and a 3-cent stamp for 50 white Bristol Visiting Cards. No nicer ones ever seen at any price. Prices never before named. Quick, or you are too late. Warranted to suit, or money refunded. Largest variety ever shown. All other kinds correspondingly low. Circular and agents' price list sent with each new order. Inducements never before offered to agents. Territory fast being taken. W. C. CANNON, Box 229 Boston, Mass.

$100 INVESTED HAS PAID A PROFIT OF **$1,700** during the past few months, under our improved system of operating in Stocks. Book containing full information sent on application. TUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 2 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

ATTENTION ALL!

Great Bankrupt Sale of Jewelry.

We have a large bankrupt stock of fine Gold and Plated Jewelry that we desire to dispose of at once, and in order to make a rapid sale we have put up assorted lots, each lot containing Jewelry which could not be purchased for five times the amount we ask for it. See what our lots contain:

50 CENT LOT.

ONE PAIR ELEGANT GOLD-PLATED ENGRAVED SLEEVE BUTTONS.
ONE SET GOLD-PLATED SPIRAL SHIRT STUDS.
ONE IMPROVED SHAPE PLATED COLLAR STUD.
ONE LADIES' HEAVY WEDDING RING.
ONE ROLLED PLATE GENTS' WATCH CHAIN.

1 DOLLAR LOT.

ONE SET GOLD FRONT SPIRAL SHIRT STUDS.
ONE PAIR GENUINE GOLD-STONE SLEEVE BUTTONS.
ONE LADIES' HEAVY WEDDING RING.
ONE LADIES' ENGRAVED ENGAGEMENT RING.
ONE HANDSOME ROLL PLATE WATCH CHAIN.
ONE ALASKA DIAMOND BOSOM PIN.
ONE LADIES' LONG NECK CHAIN.
ONE ENGRAVED LOCKET FOR ABOVE.
ONE PAIR CORAL EARRINGS.
ONE GENTS' CORAL PIN.

2 DOLLAR LOT.

ONE LADIES' LONG ROLL PLATE WATCH CHAIN.
ONE SET GOLD FRONT PIN AND EARRINGS.
ONE LADIES' ROMAN GOLD NECK CHAIN.
ONE HANDSOME CROSS FOR ABOVE.
ONE PAIR ONYX SLEEVE BUTTONS.
ONE LADIES' HAND ENGAGEMENT RING.
ONE AMETHYST STONE RING SET WITH PEARLS.
ONE PAIR GOLD-STONE SLEEVE BUTTONS.
ONE PAIR LADIES' HAND BRACELETS.
ONE LADIES' PLATED STUD.

3 DOLLAR LOT.

ONE PAIR GOLD FRONT ONYX SLEEVE BUTTONS.
ONE SET OF STUDS TO MATCH THE ABOVE.
ONE FINE TOPAZ RING.
ONE ROLL PLATED VEST CHAIN.
ONE TWO-PICTURE LOCKET FOR ABOVE.
ONE SOLID SILVER FINGER RING.
ONE AMETHYST RING SET WITH PEARLS.
ONE FINE ENAMELLED TOP COLLAR STUD.
ONE PLATED COLLAR BUTTON.
ONE GENTS' CORAL SCARF PIN.
ONE FINE TORTOISE-SHELL WATCH CHAIN.
ONE PAIR ENGRAVED SLEEVE BUTTONS.
ONE GENTS' CALIFORNIA DIAMOND BOSOM PIN.

5 DOLLAR LOT.

ONE LADIES' HEAVY GOLD PLATED CHATELAINE CHAIN, TO GO AROUND THE NECK WITH SLIDE, TASSEL AND SWIVEL; SLIDE ENAMELLED OR STONE MOUNTED. The regular retail price of this chain is $6.
ONE LADIES' SET PIN AND EARRINGS, CUT CAMEO MOUNTINGS, FINE PLATED.
ONE GENTS' SOLID GOLD CAL. DIAMOND PIN.
ONE PAIR ENAMELLED BAND BRACELETS.
ONE HEAVY AMETHYST FINGER RING.
ONE ROLLED GOLD FOB CHAIN.
ONE TWO-PICTURE ENGRAVED LOCKET FOR ABOVE.
ONE PLATED TOPAZ RING.
ONE ROMAN GOLD NECK CHAIN.
ONE CORAL-MOUNTED CROSS FOR ABOVE.
ONE SOLID SILVER FINGER RING.
ONE CLUSTER IM. DIAMOND RING, 9 Stones.
ONE PAIR HANDSOME CAMEO SLEEVE BUTTONS.

We guarantee each article we have named to be exactly as represented, and to persons who purchase one or more lots from us, and are dissatisfied, we will refund their money. It will pay any one to purchase these lots, as two or three articles can be sold to friends for the price of the whole lot, and the remainder will be left as clear profit.

We have a very fine line of Jewelry that is manufactured; also a very fine line of Gold, Silver, Oroide, Nickel, and other WATCHES, which we will sell at very low price. No goods sent C. O. D., unless fifteen per cent. of the amount is sent with the order.

Send money by express, money order, or registered letter, and then it will be sure to reach us. Please mention this paper.

COLES & CO.,
736 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

ASTHMA AND CATARRH REMEDY.

Having suffered over twenty years between life and death with ASTHMA, I experimented by compounding roots and herbs and inhaling the medicine. I fortunately discovered a sure cure for ASTHMA and CATARRH. Warranted to relieve any case of Asthma instantly, so the patient can lie down to sleep. Sent by mail, $1.00 per box. Address D. LANGELL, Apple Creek, Oh

THE FASHIONS.

The great aim nowadays of artistic modistes seems to be to make the popular dress one of much perfection of shape and style. The noticeable lack of ornament upon the upper or overdress, shows that steps in the right direction are being taken to effect that end. The polonaise is shown in many and varied forms, some with elaborate drapery, others with classic severity of line and fold. The prevailing and most deservedly popular of tints are the deep myrtle green, chestnut brown, and a "navy blue," so dark that it might well be called a navy black. In this last mentioned tint we noticed a costume made with polonaise, and having for trimming, pipings and narrow folds of dark cardinal color. The underskirt had a box-pleated ruffle, piped with cardinal, and having the upper part lined with the same color, so that when the ruffle was turned down the cardinal was exposed. The polonaise had a bias fold at the bottom, piped on both edges with cardinal color. This fold extended up the front, and was dotted at intervals of four inches apart with tiny buttons of cardinal colored silk. A deep pocket, lined with the same rich color, was placed on the right side, rather high up. A round collar finished the neck, it being also lined with cardinal. Sleeves of the ordinary half-tight fitting shape, with a fold down the outer seam, dotted with buttons to match the fold on the bottom of the polonaise. A mixed cardinal and navy blue sash, with hanging loops, draped the back widths. A hat of navy blue felt, with cardinal scarf, laid in careless folds and loops, and a shaded wing on the right side.

A dress of myrtle green cashmere, combined with silk of a deeper tint, was made in this wise. A knife-pleated flounce of the cashmere on the bottom of the dress. Above this, a similarly pleated flounce of silk; then another flounce of the cashmere above the last named. The overdress, a plain, yet exceedingly elegant polonaise, had a band of embroidery around the edge, the pattern like a vine of small laurel leaves; dark green silk buttons closed the front. The sleeves of silk, had about the waist and half way up to the elbow, a band of similar embroidery. High, round collar of silk, also embroidered, gave a close and comfortable finish to the neck. Hat of dark green felt, with high crown, square at the top. A scarf of silk encircled it, and drooping ostrich tips fell, one over the other, behind the crown.

A house dress of pale dove gray cashmere, had two flounces, both edged with black velvet, half an inch wide. Overskirt slashed in three places, up to the belt; and the openings so made, latticed with black velvet ribbon, held in place at each corner by small black velvet buttons. Plain round cuirass basque, edged with the black velvet ribbon, and also buttoned with velvet buttons. Coat sleeves as far as the elbow, widening from there until they showed the wrists very plainly. Bracelet bands of wider velvet marked the widening of the sleeve, and a bow of the same was placed on the outer seam. Short pieces of velvet ribbon were placed on the outer seam of the sleeve, giving the appearance of being slashed.

A charming suit, with Dolman cape attached, was made in this wise: The material used was dark brown cloth; three narrow flounces on the lower skirt, each one edged and headed with a row of braid. Overdress, polonaise, very long and full, and trimmed on the bottom with seven rows of braid, stitched down on each side by machine. This polonaise was looped high on each side, and drawn over towards the back, falling from thence in easy folds. Pleated collar and cuffs finished sleeves and throat. When used for street wear, a polonaise with long hanging sleeves, trimmed also with braid, was worn. Seven rows of braid were stitched on down the middle of the back. A bow of brown ribbon, with hanging loops, closed the front, and was also placed at the middle of the band of the neck in the back. Hat to be worn with this suit was of brown beaver, with a wide rim, turned up on the left side; a scarf of brown silk encircled the crown, and a long cock's plume hung over the crown.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Large crosses of yellow gold are fashionably worn, suspended to inch wide velvet ribbons, black, brown, cardinal, or dark blue.

The celluloid necklaces in links with dainty crosses and lockets pendant, are almost as pretty as real coral.

Jet covered fringe, row upon row, trims the stylish little shoulder capes, which many of our belles affect.

Scarfs of black Spanish lace are as much worn as ever.

Ties of black Marseilles silk, with bordered ends of pale blue, cream color, or pink, are very fashionable.

Nets for the hair are growing in popularity.

Muffs are quite small this season, and are preferred of cloth, fur trimmed.

Crowns of hats still point upward.

Collarettes of silk, embroidered in a fine pattern, and having a quilling of *crepe lisse* inside, are among the novelties.

Scarf pins of celluloid coral, in the shape of maple and other small forest leaves are much worn.

Silver jewelry is popular, combined with black onyx.

Shawl pins of cairngorm pebbles are fashionable.

The hair is worn low on the neck, and high at the back of the head.

Combs are still worn, but put in side wise.

Dark brown gloves are en vogue at present.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer & Cotlisday for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

How to make a chair cover of black cashmere, with applique figures of crestonne stitched on, shall be our theme in this issue. For covering what is termed a reception chair, one without arms, a yard and a half of double width cashmere, or three yards of single width are required. A yard of French crestonne, with figures of birds, etc., upon it. Cut out the figures from the crestonne and baste in a pretty design, first down the centre of your cashmere; form a wide centre band. And next cut out smaller figures for a border. Overstitch with silk as near the color of the crestonne figures or the predominating color as possible. Some pieces it would be well to button hole stitch on. Finish with a silk cord around the sides and bottom, composed of the colors used in the crestonne pieces, and intermingled with black. Put a tassel at each corner, made of the same colors. The chair must be upholstered by a regular cabinet maker, in order to look finished and neat. Line the cashmere with black silesia.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Mattie Markham.—Make your bottle green silk with a deep polonaise, and trim with folds of velvet. Use the rest of your velvet to make plain underskirt.

"Bertie."—Brown cashmere would be a pleasing and fashionable variation from "all black dresses." Make after the fashion of the green suit described in fashions of this week, leaving out embroidered bands. The patterns will cost $1.00 for such a suit.

Mrs. Templemore.—For the little girl we know of nothing more suitable than Lotonia green of the Fairies. Short full skirts of light tulle or tarletane, spangled with little blue stars, if you can get such. Small silver gauze wings at her shoulders. Crown of filagree, silver hand, star-tipped, and hair flowing. Sash of gauze pale green. For the boy, a black velvet suit after the Charles I. style. Deep lace collar. High boots with tops turning over. Wide rimmed black felt hat and long white plume. NINON.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

O, mightiness of Being—God!
The night, like a dream, comes as thy word,
That in thee I may safely rest,
As if upon thy infinite breast.
Watch o'er me while in helpless sleep;
The love which loves thee kindly keep;
Let the dying light of life, thy day,
Show the morning's reality;
So, too, may death but be the night,
Which is remembered for heaven's light;
Let the calm, and peace of all,
Rest my sleeping, dreaming soul.
O! rest me for the life which are—
Rest me as thou dost rest a star:
Still and quiet within the dome,
Which reaches to thy immortal throne!
Rest me for life's every joy,
Until I lay me down to die;
Until at peace within the tomb,
Let my life be like thy moon;
Clear and pure, rest me then—
Here and ever, Amen!

THE BURIED GOLD.

BY W. P. CHAMBERS.

Gerald Wentworth walked slowly along across the old gullied fields, with his hands behind him and his eyes bent on the ground.

He was deeply thinking, too, if one might judge by the set expression of his resolute face. As he walked along, his past, his present and his future rose up before his mental vision, and it was devising means to make that future that so engrossed him now. All his life had been a struggle with poverty. Every opportunity for mental culture had been denied him; he had been compelled to labor since he could remember for the support of aged parents, and of late years they had both been entirely helpless. In the past few days, however, death had visited the old cabin he called his home, and the parents of Gerald Wentworth were laid away in their last long sleep.

Alone in the world, without kith or kin, he stood, at the age of twenty-four years, ignorant of books or the ways of the world, only so far as he had learned them tilling a sterile farm in a sparsely settled backwoods section. He was penniless, too, almost, for the old farm would hardly sell for enough to pay the debts his parent's illness had necessarily imposed upon him. It was not a cheerful outlook, surely, yet he was young and full of hope. From the young God mercifully hides the failures of life, lest they become discouraged ere their life-work is begun.

But there was something more than this weighing upon his mind. Two years before, Mabel Preston had come to teach school in the "Old Log Schoolhouse" at the cross-roads, two miles from the Wentworth farm. From the first, Gerald had loved her, and only his poverty, and the infirmities of his parents, had prevented his revealing that love to the bright little teacher. She was orphan and very poor, and her avocation in so thinly populated a section was not a lucrative one.

She struggled on with a brave spirit, however, but the keen eyes of her unacknowledged lover saw with bitter anguish that she was failing under the burdens she bore. She needed rest, but alas! it was beyond his power to offer her anything else than a life of toil—a premature old age or an early grave!

His mind filled with such thoughts as these, Gerald Wentworth stopped beside a gully the recent rains had made, and vacantly gazed along its ragged sides. Something protruding from the side of the gully attracted his attention, and jumping to the shallow bottom he drew forth an old rusty tin box. Removing the lid, an exclamation of mingled surprise and joy escaped his lips, for the box was full of golden coin! Emptying the contents on the ground, he sat down with an exultant face to count his new-found treasure. One thousand eagles in American gold was the sum he counted.

Was it his? Already the question had startled him more than once while counting the money. He looked about him. He had found it on Government land, and if no one else could prove it his, the finder rightfully concluded it would be his own. Carefully lifting the old box into which he had again placed the coin, he closely examined it to find a name, initials or a date. If anything ever had been engraved on the box, the rust had eaten it away.

"It is doubtless mine!" he murmured. "I am rich, and dear Mabel shall have the rest she needs," and the young man knelt down, with bared head, and gave thanks to God for the treasure he had found. Then he carried the money home and locked it in his trunk, and till a late hour in the night he sat with bowed head mapping out a more pleasant future than he had dared dream of a few hours before.

During the next few days he went to every man in all that section, but no one had ever heard a hint that any money was ever hidden anywhere near there. Crowds of people visited the spot, and all agreed that the money rightfully belonged to the finder. Then when his own conscience was made easy, Gerald Wentworth went to the woman he loved, and asked her to share the fortune he had found; and she, loving with all a woman's devotion, laid her hand in his and promised to be his wife.

Then there was much planning, and at last it was arranged that Gerald should go back to an older State, buy a home and come back for his bride.

"You and I will be better suited than in a newer section," said Mabel. "I know the land is as good, the society is better, and the school and church privileges are greater."

So one day in early Autumn, Gerald mounted his horse, and with the precious gold in his saddle-bags, set out in quest of a home. It was before the day of railroads, or, at least, when they were less plentiful than now, and he expected to be gone several weeks.

At the end of twenty days, he was five hundred miles from Mabel, and was looking at some desirable plantations that were offered for sale. He had nearly settled on the one he would purchase, when he stopped one rainy night at a wayside cabin, and called for lodgings. His host was old—very old and infirm—and a hired man and woman did the work about the place. Notwithstanding his age, Wentworth found an entertaining companion in mine host, and he sat and listened to the old man's talk till it was growing late. As they were getting ready to retire, Mr. Marston—for that was the old gentleman's name—remarked:—

"By-the-way, you have not told me your name, nor where you came from."

"My name is Wentworth, and I came from L—— county, Mississippi."

"From L—— county, Mississippi? Were you born there, Mr. Wentworth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever hear of a gang of robbers, known as the 'Norvill Gang,' who infested that county some thirty or thirty-five years ago?"

"Often, sir; but I think the band was broken up when Norvill was killed at Natchez. I have heard the older settlers, as well as my parents, speak of the gang."

"Were your parents living there at the time?"

"I think not, sir. They went there in 18— and I think the band was broken up about five years before."

The old man mused a moment, then abruptly asked:

"Did you ever hear of any gold being found in that county? I mean golden coin?"

"Yes, sir!" stammered the young man, for the question startled him so he hardly knew what he said. How did the old man know of the money? To not a soul since leaving home had he spoken of the recovered treasure!

"How much was there?—do you know?" asked the old man eagerly, breaking in upon the other's thoughts.

"Ten thousand dollars!"

"All in ten dollar pieces?"

"Yes."

"It is mine!" said the old man, "or rather was my brother's," and he tottered across the room and unlocked a trunk. Taking out a bundle of letters, he turned it over for some time, till, finding the one he sought, he handed it to Wentworth to read. This is what the young man read:

MY DEAR BROTHER: I am afraid this is the last line you will ever receive from me, for I am again dogged by some of Norvill's Gang; and, though I have eluded them so far, I have little hope of escaping them altogether unless I leave the country. They have never forgiven the injury I did them last year, and I think are determined on revenge.

Last week as I passed through L—— county, Miss., on my way here, I was so closely pressed by them that I buried quite a sum of gold in the woods on W—— Creek. In case anything should happen to me, I send a description of the place where the money is hidden, so that you may find it. About ten miles from the mouth of W—— Creek, on the Natchez road, is another small creek emptying into it from the east. On the last pine ridge between the creeks is a large sandstone rock—the only one on the ridge. Seventy-five feet south of this rock, and twenty feet east of a large pine tree, I buried one thousand ten dollar gold pieces in a tin box. If you never hear from me again the money is yours. Divide it with our sister if she is alive and you can find her.

My last speculation was quite profitable, and I am doing well, were it not for that cursed gang of robbers. Write me as before.

WILLIAM MARSTON.

This letter was dated at Natchez in the summer of 18—, and bore marks of great age. How easily Wentworth recognized the locality; and he even then thought of the many times he had, when a boy, cracked chestnut burs on that very rock—"Big Red Rock," the boys called it.

"Do you know the place?" asked the old man.

A nod was the only answer. With a queer look the old man handed him another letter. It was written by a different hand, and was dated some four months later than the other; it merely stated that William Marston had been found dead the day before—supposed to have been murdered by some of Norvill's gang, and that his body had been properly interred. It also stated that the effects of the dead man—consisting principally of about $1,000 in cash—were subject to the brother's order. At the bottom it was signed "Wakeman & Williams, Atty's at Law."

Without waiting for a word of comment from the young man, Mr. Marston began: "My brother was a speculator in slaves, and had he lived, would doubtless have amassed considerable wealth. Our sister had married a sort of strolling school-master and we had lost sight of her some years before. I have never heard of her since. I could never go to look for that money; for there was always something to detain me, and besides, I thought it likely brother William had gone back and got it. Two or three times I got ready to start, but illness in my family prevented my going, till now I am too old. Moreover, I can live on what I have. My wife and children are all dead, and I can live but a few years at most. If it were not for my sister I would not care for this money. But let us go to bed. I wish to talk more of this to-morrow."

They lay down in the single room, and the old man was soon asleep. No so with Wentworth. Must he again be penniless? Give up all hopes of Mabel and a home? It was plainly his duty to do so, and he was not one to shirk the performance of a duty. Before he slept, his mind was made up, and in the morning after breakfast, he placed his saddle-bags on the table.

"Mr. Marston," said he in a constrained voice, "I was the finder of your gold—"

"*You!*" exclaimed the old man, starting to his feet, but the other went on.

"You will find here nine thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars. I have used two hundred and fifty dollars, for which you will have to take my note, till I can repay you. God knows, I thought the money was mine," and he began removing the rolls of coin.

"Stop! young man," cried Marston, as he caught the other's hand. "Sit down first, and tell me all about it."

With the golden coin scattered over the table, Gerald sat down, and gave the old man all the particulars of the finding of the money, and the efforts he had made to find a claimant for it. He also told him how he stood in the world, and why the money had been brought there. But the name of Mabel Preston was not mentioned, for Wentworth felt that she was no longer his.

"I won't touch it!" said the old man, bringing his fist down on the table. "Where is your proof that it was my brother's gold?"

"His description of the place is proof enough. I measured the distance to the rock and to the stump of the fallen tree myself."

"I won't touch it!" reiterated the old man.

"Then I will leave it on your table, sir!"

After a long time Wentworth was prevailed upon to accept the sum he had already expended, and fifty dollars beside.

"Moreover," said the old man, at parting, "you shall be my heir. If I can find my sister, or her children, half the money is theirs,—the rest is yours when I die."

With a heavy heart, but a clear conscience, Gerald did an unwise thing. Instead of going back to Mabel, and finding strength and hope in her love, he sat down and wrote her a long letter detailing everything, and releasing her from her engagement. "I love you too well," he wrote, "to bind you to so uncertain a future. In the days to come, if God prospers me as I hope he will, I will seek you again, and if you are still free, I may one day call you mine."

Then he turned his face toward the setting sun, and was soon lost to sight in the wild depths of the unexplored West.

Three years later the Texans under Houston fought the battle of San Jacinto. Among the wounded, nigh to death, was Major Gerald Wentworth. He had led his regiment all through the leaden hail, and fell with the glad shout of victory ringing in his ears. As he lay on his bunk in the hospital ward one day, thinking of his past, his present and his future again, a letter was brought him by his nurse. With his single hand—for one arm and one leg was gone—he opened it and read:

"MAJOR GENERAL WENTWORTH.

"DEAR SIR:—For three years I have vainly sought to hear from you, but only to-day have I been able to obtain a clue to your whereabouts. This morning I saw your name in a list of wounded heroes who fought at San Jacinto. O Gerald! I cannot write all I feel, nor all I ought to tell you. God only knows how I have longed for you since I saw you, and He only knows how proudly my heart thrills for you, my brave Gerald. I have wanted you so much!

"Something wonderful has happened to you and me. After your cruel letter—cruel in its kindness, Gerald—I saw in a newspaper an advertisement calling for Mary Preston, or her heirs. As that was my mother's name, I answered the advertisement. To make a long story short, I found that the man to whom you gave up the gold was my uncle, and that I was heir to one-half of it. I came here to live with Uncle James and we have been very happy together. We should have been quite so, if we could have had you with us.

"But dear Uncle James is gone, leaving you his sole heir. I think he was quite wealthy, too, but the lawyers are very close on that point.

"I can write no more now, only God bless my hero!

"Write at once. MABEL PRESTON."

Did Gerald write? I think so; but this much I know: There was a glad greeting one day five months later, when a man, with a wooden leg and only one arm, alighted from a carriage at the door of Mabel Preston's house. I know, moreover, that the Lone Star State granted lands to no more worthy soldier than Major Wentworth, nor to one whose descendants strove harder to live worthy of their honored parents.

HOMES OF GENIUS.

Genius is no aristocrat. She does not seek marble palaces or turreted castles to dwell with king or noble; but loves rather to linger in the humble home of the peasant, among the poor and lowly. Of course, there are exceptions to this as to every other rule, and many of the rich and titled have become famous, but generally the favorites of genius are those who have no long line of ancestors to look back upon with pride, no coffer whose golden contents are never exhausted.

One of the trials, coming hand in hand with the fame and success which ever attend men and women of genius, is the curiosity of the world. Their private life must be fully unfolded to the public gaze, and they, patiently or not, must submit to the rude scrutiny. This curiosity, to some extent, belongs to every one; we all have a desire to know what Shakespeare did when a boy, what he said and how he acted; if Milton was happy in his home life; if Mozart ever quarrelled; if Michael Angelo ate and drank like other men; and a thousand other similar questions present themselves to every mind while thinking of the lives of the great and famous.

We would not seek to raise the veil which shields a home from envious outsiders; but since it has been already uplifted, there surely can be no impropriety in taking a peep beneath.

In an old-fashioned country village among the hills of Yorkshire stands a quiet parsonage, where dwelt the author of "Jane Eyre." The house is of gray stone, strongly roofed with flags, in order to resist the winds which fiercely sweep across the moorlands. The church is on one side, the schoolhouse on the other, while the purple moors stretch far away beyond. Under the windows of the parsonage grew a few plants, hardy ones, for such only could endure the cold and rigorous climate.

In this dreary and desolate place lived, wrote and died that woman of true genius, Charlotte Bronte. The bad roads cut off all communication with the surrounding country and all the intellect and education of the Bronte family were far superior to their neighbors; their lives, one might say, were bounded by the home circle. Their father spending all his time in his study, the mother an invalid confined to her room, the brother and sisters early learned to depend upon themselves. After the death of her mother and two elder children, Charlotte supplied their place to her younger sisters, and the cares incident upon such a position caused her to become old and thoughtful beyond her years. Such were the home and circumstances of "Curier Bell," and both had their influence upon her works and character. The bleak cold winds infused some of their own vigor and strength into her writings, the purple heath some of its fragrance and beauty; her isolated position, so unusual for a young girl, gave her an originality and freedom of thought that has made her famous. Yet, when we think of her small circle of acquaintances, her uninterested and desolate surrounding, it seems truly wonderful that one so situated could have given to the world works of such thrilling interest, and power as "Jane Eyre," "Villette," and "Shirley."

The home of Mrs. Browning, one of the world's favorite poets, was in England, but more beloved than her native soil was the land under Italy's sunny skies. For Italy's freedom she wrote and prayed, and it is truly fitting that the last home of this "soul of fire enclosed in a shell of pearl," should be in beautiful Florence.

"Where olive orchards gleam and quiver
Along the banks of Arno's river,"

she now sleeps, with the bright Etruscan roses bending over her, and the sweet music of the golden river to sing her requiem.

A clay-built cabin in Ayshire was the birthplace of Scotland's greatest poet, Robert Burns. He was a simple peasant boy, but nevertheless, genius had endowed him with that immortal fire which so few persons possess. He deserted the plough for the pen, and the Scotish rustic became the renowned poet. His fame, however, brought him no prosperity; feasted and fatted for a time, he was soon neglected and forgotten, and died in obscurity and poverty.

That genius is not always so fickle and cruel to her favorites, is shown by the life of Washington Irving. His last days were spent in his beautiful residence, Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson, where the

"Soil is rich with Fancy's gold,
And stirring memories of old,"

and around which cluster historical stories and romantic legends.

There seems now to be ringing in our ears the familiar strains of "Home, Sweet Home;" and we think of its author, who never experienced the delights and comforts of which he sings, never knew what it was to have a home. A wanderer all his life, he died at last in a foreign land; but we wish that all men and women of genius, be their homes in poverty or in wealth, may so live that it could be said of them as of John Howard Payne:

"True, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angel said,
Welcome to Heaven's 'Home, sweet Home.'"

FROM a speech by J. J. Talbott, who recently died drunk in Elkhart, Ind.: "I had position high and holy. The demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office and sent me forth churchless and godless, a very hissing and byword among men. Afterward my voice was heard in the courts. But the dust gathered on my open books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had money ample for all necessities, but it went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could suggest. The devil crossed its threshold and the light faded from its chambers. And thus I stand, a clergyman without a church, a barrister without a brief, a man with scarcely a friend, a soul without hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

A slowness to applaud betrays a cold temper and an envious spirit.

THE GREAT ORGANS OF THE WORLD.

The largest organ in the world is in Albert Hall, London, and was built by Henry Willis, in 1870. It contains 138 stops, four manuals, and nearly 10,000 pipes, all of which are of metal. The wind is supplied by steam power. Thirteen couplers connect or disconnect the various sub-divisions of the organ at the will of the performer. The organ at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, also built by Willis, has one hundred stops and four manuals. That of St. Sulpice, Paris, is of the same magnitude, and has 5000 pipes. The largest organ in America is in the Music Hall, Boston, built by Walcker, of Ludwigsburg; it has four manuals, eighty-nine stops, and 4000 pipes. The other important organs in this country are by American builders, and are as follows: Trinity Church, New York, built by Henry Erben; Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, by E. & E. G. Hook; St. George's, New York, by George Jardine & Son; Tabernacle, Brooklyn, by the same; St. Bartholomew's, New York, by J. H. & C. S. Odell; Temple Emanuel, New York, by Hall & Labagh; and Holy Trinity, New York, by H. L. Roosevelt. These organs have from 2500 to 4000 pipes, and from fifty to sixty stops, and therefore, in point of size, will be found equal to the average large organs of Europe. Some of them contain all the modern European and American improvements. One of the largest organs in America is in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Montreal, and was built by S. R. Warren, of that city. An organ was built in Boston for the gallery of the eastern end of the great nave of the Main Centennial Building. The instrument is a thorough exemplar of the organ industry, and is so large that spectators can readily gain admission to its interior and examine all the details. There are four stories of apartments within the case, besides an elegant office for the representative of the manufacturing firm.

WHAT MEN HONOR.—What all men agree to honor is justice, truth-speaking, good will, and good action. It is the science of substance, not of show—the *what*, and not the *how*—which all men profess to regard, and by their real respect for which they recommend themselves to each other.

SCIENTIFIC.

A VERY useful addition has just been made to ordinary coast warnings by the British Admiralty. It consists in firing an explosive charge of half a pound of gun cotton at intervals of fifteen minutes during fogs, the sound is heard three miles off.

To bleach sponge, soak it well in dilute muriatic acid for twelve hours. Wash well with water, to remove the lime, then immerse it in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, to which dilute muriatic acid has been added a moment before. After it is bleached sufficiently, remove it, wash again, and dry it. It may thus be bleached almost snow-white.

THE easiest way in which to burn stumps of trees is to use a sheet iron chimney big enough in diameter to fit over the largest stump, and about six feet in height. An opening in the bottom will answer for a door. The stump should be set on fire by placing around it some kindling wood inside the chimney, and the latter, it will be found, will produce a draught which will materially hasten the burning of the wood.

HERACLINE is the name given to a new blasting-powder invented by Herr Dickeroff, and which has been tried with success in the coal mines of France and Austria. It is composed of picric acid, saltpetre, nitrate of soda, sulphur and sawdust. The gases produced by its combustion are not injurious, it is claimed, and it burns comparatively slowly, so that it tears apart only the masses blasted, but does not hurt them violently about.

LADIES whose list of masculine acquaintances is limited will be glad to know that a Frenchman has taken out a patent for an apparatus for turning over the leaves of music. This is done by means of a series of levers and clips, by which the leaves are held; these levers are taken one after another and turned round by a driver, which is put in motion by a pinion and quadrant, the quadrant being in communication with a pedal which is operated upon by the feet.

BORAX has yielded good results in an investigation into its merits as an antiseptic. A solution destroys the spores of parasitic plants, as the minute fungi on grapes, &c., and also has a remarkable power of arresting the lower forms of animal life. A saturated solution of boracic acid, with a small quantity of borax, salt and saltpetre, makes a "brine" in which fresh meat is treated with so much success that it can be preserved untainted even in the hottest parts of the earth.

IN the excavations made by Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik, in Asia Minor, over what he supposes to have been the site of ancient Troy, he discovered lumps of a blue metallic substance lying near the copper shields which were dug up. An analysis shows them to be sulphide of copper. It is conjectured that they are identical with the material mentioned by Homer, as being used by the Trojan heroes for the ornamentation of their shields and dwellings. According to some authorities, there was a certain spring at Corinth in which the smiths of that city used to plunge copper in order to color it; and this affords ground for the supposition that the spring contained sulphur, and by means of the bath a coating of the sulphide of copper was formed upon the surface of the metal.

IT is a curious fact that it is a disputed question whether Venus has a moon or not. Several observers, especially towards the middle of the last century, saw what they supposed to be such a satellite, and even calculated its orbit, but the greatly improved telescopes of our day have failed to detect it. The problem seems to us one of the most perplexing in the annals of astronomical science. It is difficult to believe that the satellite, if it exists, could exclude the vigilance of observers, especially at the transits of Venus, when it ought to be seen as a smaller black spot, accompanying the planet on its path across the sun. On the other hand, after a careful examination of all the alleged observations of such a body, it is extremely difficult to account for them. Attempts have been made to explain them away as mere reflections of the planet itself, or optical ghosts produced within the telescope, but though it is possible to dispose of some of the observations in this way, there are others to which it is not easy to apply this theory. Dr. F. Bluer, a German astronomer, has lately published a treatise which is an elaborate and zealous plea in behalf of the hypothetical satellite, but from the reviews of the book in foreign journals we judge that it will not make many converts to the author's theory. The mystery must remain for the present unsolved. We must have more satisfactory evidence of the moon, or we must believe that those who suppose they saw it were somehow deceived, though it is impossible for us to understand how the illusion was produced.

TAKE a sheet of stiff writing paper and fold it into a tube an inch in diameter. Apply it to the right eye and look steadfastly through it, focussing the eye on any convenient object; keep the left eye open. Now place the left hand, held palm upward, edgeways against the side of the paper tube, and about an inch or two above its lower end. The astonishing effect will be produced of a hole, apparently of the size of the cross section of the tube, made through the left hand. This is the hole in which we propose to materialize another and smaller hole. As we need a genuine aperture, and it would be inconvenient to make one in the left hand, let a sheet of white paper be substituted therefore and similarly held. Just at the part of the paper where the hole equaling in diameter the orifice of the tube appears, make an opening ¼ inch in diameter. Now stare intently into the tube; and the second hole, defined by its difference of illumination, will be seen floating in the first hole, and yet both will be transparent. The illusion, for of course it is one of those odd pranks our binocular vision plays upon us, is certainly one of the most curious ever devised. Besides, here is the actual hole clearly visible, and yet there is no solid body to be seen to define its edges. It is not a mere spot of light, because, if a page of print be regarded, the lines within the boundaries of the little hole will not coincide at all with those surrounding it and extending to the edges of the large apparent aperture. Each eye obviously transmits an entirely different impression to the brain, and that organ, unable to disentangle them, lands us in the palpable absurdity of a materialized hole.—*Scientific American.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—"Home." "Kindness." "Pretty Euphrosyne." "Goose Wings." "Mrs. Merrill's Cat." "William Brown."

SUBSCRIBER.—We believe Dr. R. V. Pierce to be a trustworthy medical practitioner.

GRACE.—We do not know the address of the Circus company about which you inquire.

XITTY.—For information as to getting a situation in the signal service bureau, write to your representative in Congress.

AN ENGLISH GIRL.—Charcoal alone, or charcoal mixed with prepared chalk, forms an excellent dentifrice of the simplest kind.

COMMENTARY.—For an Episcopal Commentary, write to D. F. Randolph, publisher, New York city, who will give you full information.

J. A. R.—Electricity is the property of "force," which resides in all matter, and which constantly seeks to establish an equilibrium.

EYE CUPS.—These should be applied only under the advice of an experienced physician. Much injury has resulted to the eye from their injudicious use.

NEW GAME, E. RICE.—Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of Philadelphia, publish games, and can give you all information relating to such matters.

A. J. K.—No gentleman will examine the inside of a lady's ring, against her wishes. One mark of a gentleman is, that he mind his own business. We do not know the author of your quotation.

F. G. M.—It is according to rules of etiquette for a gentleman to raise his hat to a lady acquaintance who may be saluted by the lady he is walking with, although he may be unacquainted with her.

TENNIE.—The individual who described you in an advertisement and requested an interview should be properly answered by a horse-whip in the hands of your father, brother or other able-bodied friend.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.—For information as to amount of the public debt, also salaries of public officers, etc., consult a number of the Tribune Almanac. Not publishing a political paper, we do not keep the run of such matters.

QUOITS were used for exercise in the early Grecian games, and perhaps have a still greater antiquity. Chyme is pronounced as though written kime. The sculpture in butter is in the Woman's Pavilion at the Exhibition.

THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW was passed by Congress, and is, therefore, a United States law. It applied, however, to laborers on the public works of the United States. Each State regulates such labor laws for its own inhabitants.

SHORT-HAND.—To learn short-hand in theory requires but a few weeks, but to become a good short-hand writer requires years of practice. There are several good systems. For books and prices write to S. R. Wells, Broadway, New York city.

CONSTANT READER.—It is customary for a lady to shut the parlor door when she and her friend are alone, if the comfort of the room requires it. No lady will receive the visit of a gentleman with whom she would not willingly be thus secluded.

TINY.—Consult almost any grammar to find the right way to parse the examples you give. You can procure drawing paper from almost any stationer. We have nothing of the kind, and cannot well attend to making such purchases, as our time it all needed on the POST.

ESTELLE.—Better to break an engagement where sufficient cause exists than form a regard to its sacredness, to allow it to embitter a whole life. The present pangs may be severe, but will be more easily endured than those which would follow being irrevocably bound to an unworthy object.

DAVID.—When a matrimonial engagement is broken off, all presents on each side should be returned to the giver, although there is no law compelling such return. It would, however, be highly dishonorable to retain them, as they were intended to commemorate an affection which no longer exists.

PRICES OF BOOKS. (Rocheford.)—We can forward the books by mail on receipt of the following prices: "Chatterbox," $1.25. "Little Folks," $1.25. "Peep Show," $1.25. "St. Nicholas," $4.00. "Children's Friend," 75c. Gray's Lessons and Manual of Botany, $3.00. Green's English Analysis, $1.20.

ALICE J.—It is proper for a lady first to recognize a casual or slight acquaintance in public, provided she desires his further companionship. With near friends the recognition will be mutual. Allow no forward puppies the privilege of first saluting you; keep them at proper distance by dignified want of notice.

OLD BOOKS, (G. R.)—The old Dutch copy of the Psalms, published in 1698, would doubtless be valued by some antiquary. The best way to secure a purchaser, would be by advertising it. We do not know its value. It would depend somewhat upon its state of preservation, but more upon the fancy of the customer.

YOUNG MAN.—It is impossible to tell how much a young man will increase in weight in a given time. The best way is to eat such ordinary plain food as suits the appetite, and let the growth take care of itself. If the health is good, let all medicines alone. Your handwriting is irregular, and needs careful practice for improvement.

SARAH.—Whether you should enter into extended conversation with a gentleman to whom you have just been introduced, depends upon many circumstances. If the party introducing him is of such character that you can rely on his introducing none but suitable acquaintances, and the conversation is mutually agreeable, etiquette does not forbid free interchange of thought.

MATRIMONIAL advertisements and such as request correspondence from unknown parties are unsafe matters for any one to meddle with. Many a reputation and character have been ruined by this disreputable means. A few may be in earnest, but usually such announcements are the baits thrown out by adventurers or others seeking to allure victims. Let them severely alone.

JULIA.—The age of fifteen is too young to enter upon so important a step as a marriage engagement. Persons of that age cannot rightly estimate the responsibilities they are assuming and will be likely to lay the foundation for future bitter disappointment and suffering. Twenty-three to twenty-five for a gentleman, and twenty to twenty-two for a lady, are the most suitable ages for marrying usually.

LILLIE ROSSITER.—For instruction as to dresses read our Fashion notes. It is entirely proper for a lady to ask a gentleman to call again if his company is desirable. A young lady should certainly not walk with a gentleman on the street if it is improper to see him at the house. An engaged lady should not permit attentions from other gentlemen which are objectionable to her betrothed. His wishes and feelings should be held sacred.

BELL.—The reason why it is not usually advisable for a man to marry a woman older than himself, is that in after life, as men usually retain their powers better than a woman at the same age, companionship may not remain satisfactory. In such cases their is usually domestic difficulty, which often results in estrangement, separation or neglect. Those more nearly of an age are more likely to have tastes and sympathies alike, and so enjoy each other's society better.

JESSIE G.—A gentleman accompanying a lady for a walk should open and close the doors or gates, and allow her to pass through first. It is polite to ask a person to remove wraps on making a call. A gentleman calling should be asked to be relieved of his hat and overcoat. The lady may accompany him to the door, if very intimate; if she have other company present she need not. Presents are very appropriately made on birthdays, but they should not be expected from invited guests on the occasion of a birthday party.

KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER. (J. W. Q.) The Order of the Garter—the proudest in England—is a military fraternity, under the special patronage of "St. George, the good Knight and Champion of England." It was instituted at Windsor by King Edward III., and consists of the Sovereign and twenty-five companions, mostly Royal, of whom the Prince of Wales is always one, wearing the dark blue embroidered garter and the collar of gold, with the motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," signifying, "Dishonor to him who thinks ill of it." Knights of the Garter always place K.G. after their names, and these letters take precedence of all other titles they may have—those of Royalty alone excepted. The Knights have their banners displayed over stalls or seats in the choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The lesser George, or jewel of the Garter, is fastened on a dark blue ribbon, passing over the left shoulder, and hangs from under the right arm. When a K. G. dies, it is customary for his friends to return the badge to the Sovereign or head of the order, that it may be otherwise bestowed.